Saturday Review

August 15, 1964 25¢

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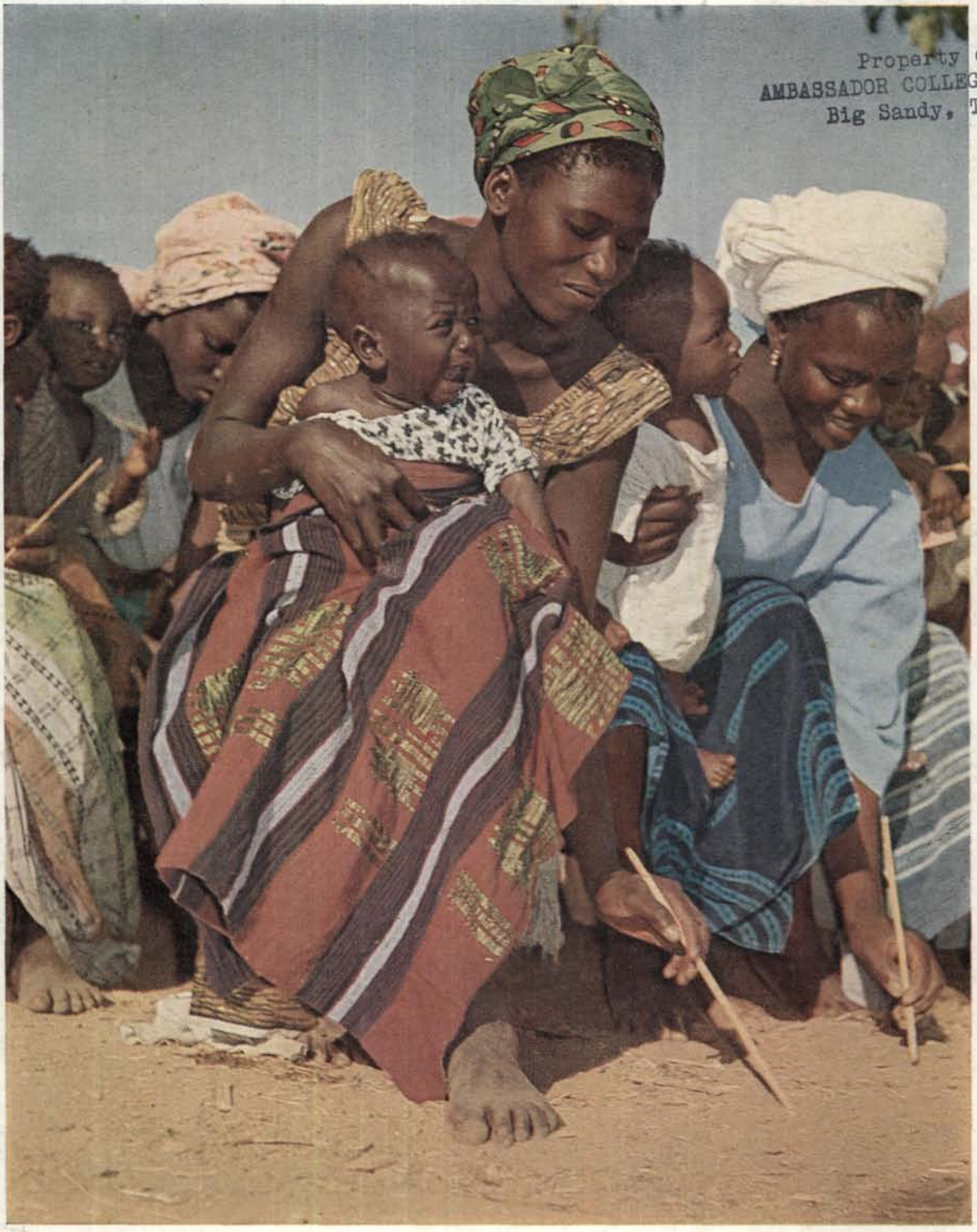

Women learning to write the alphabet in the sand in North Nigeria. (See Education)

EDUCATION

EDUCATION IN THE DEVE

Articles by René Maheu and James A

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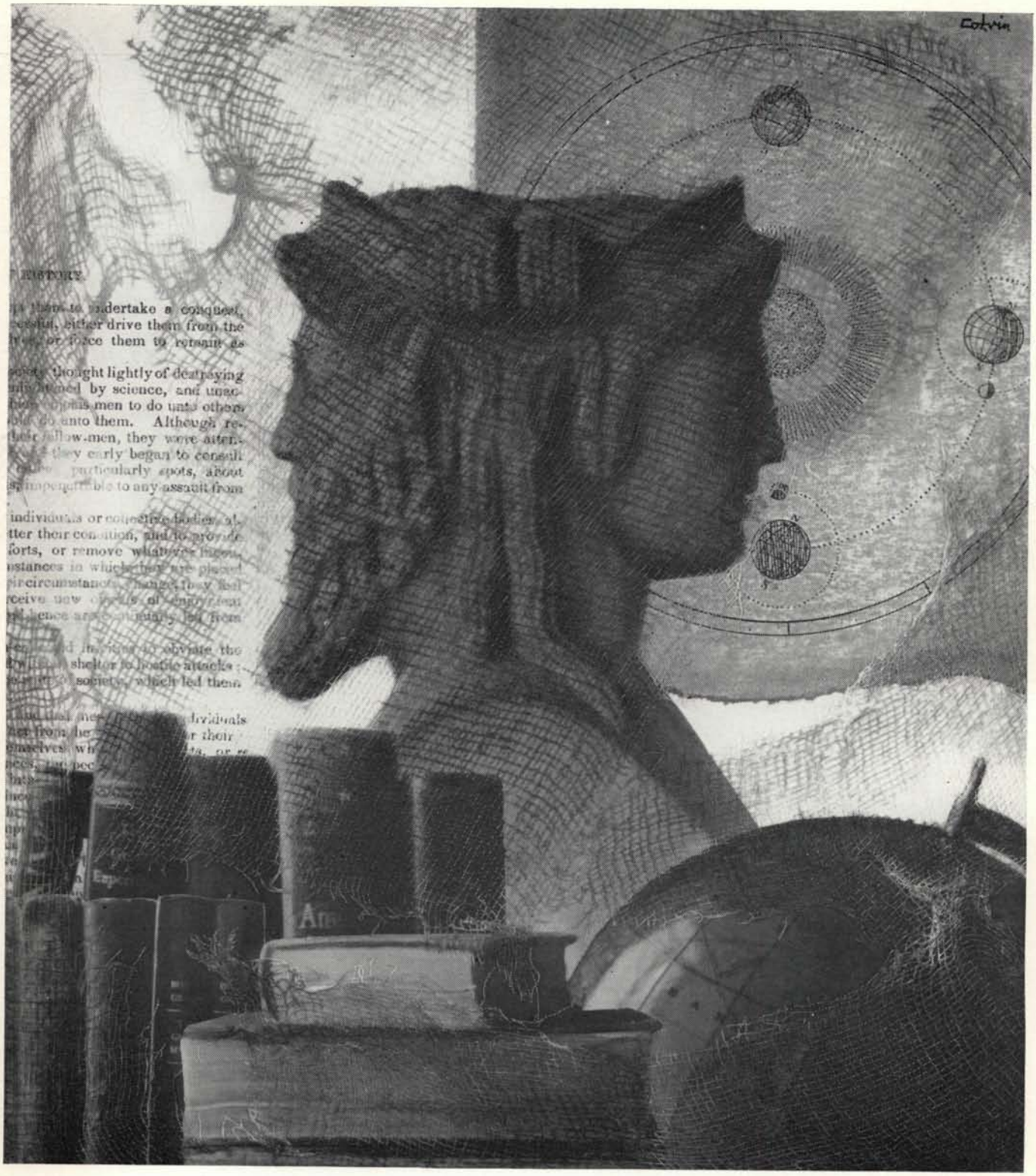

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. . . said Lamartine. Man's plans for the future are built on what he knows. To give perspective to the experience of the past, American educators have long relied on Rand McNally's history textbooks for schools and colleges.

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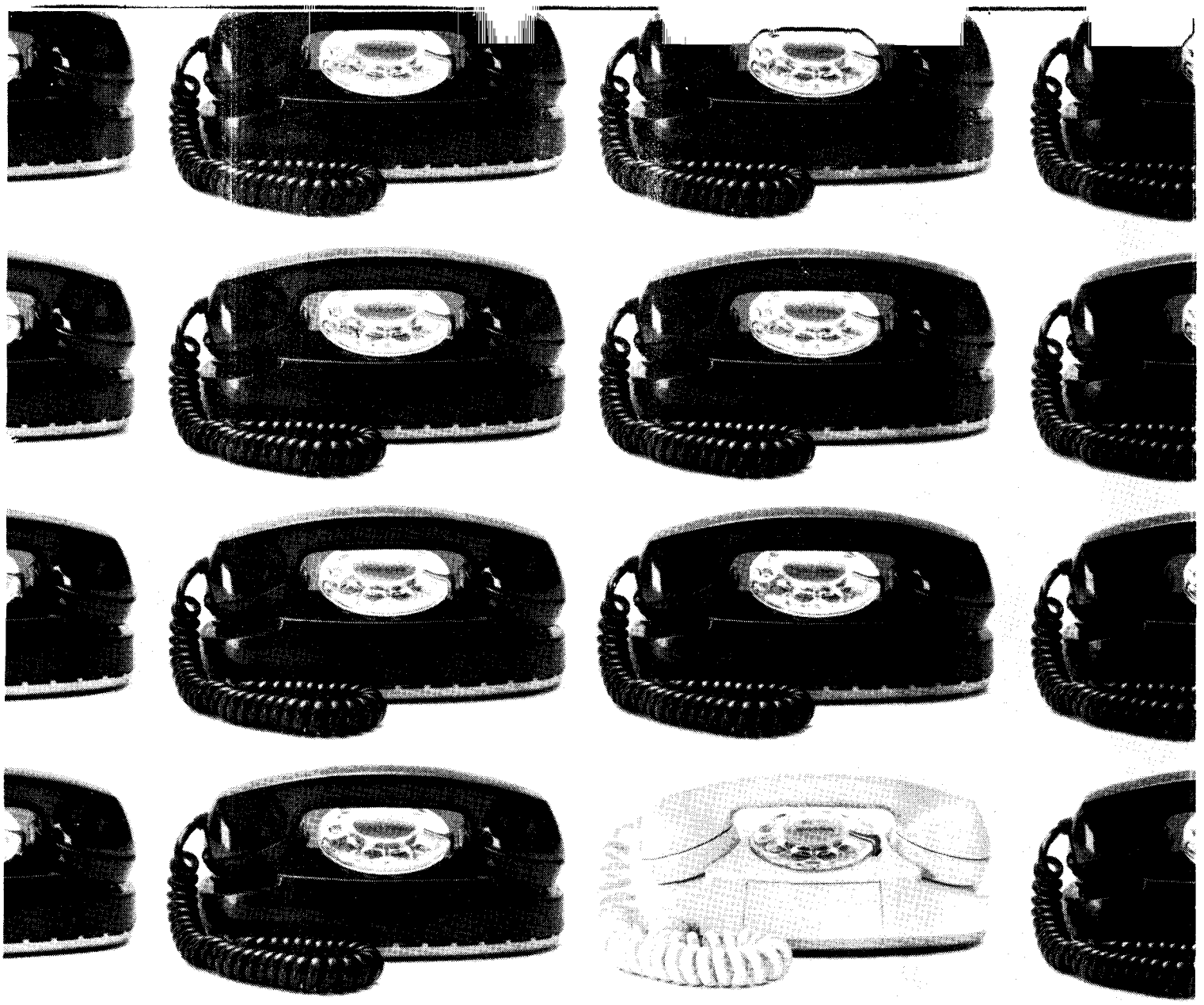

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WESTERN ELECTRIC

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"Possible? Is anything impossible?
Read the newspapers."
Duke of Wellington

An open-minded attitude toward what's possible and what's impossible is one of the mainstays of our research effort.

Extreme care is always used with that word "impossible." Instead, most of us (not all) cultivate the blunt optimism of the Duke and try to make it part and parcel of our work.

Perhaps it was put best by a friend of ours when he described us as "optimists, but intelligent optimists."

We'll settle for that any time.

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August 15, 1964

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SR: Ideas

20 Experiment in India, by John Kenneth Galbraith
24 Tourists, Pawns, and Pigeons: An Editorial

SR: Education

50 A College in the Islands, by David C. Stewart
52 Education in the Developing Nations: Articles by Rene Maheu and James Avery Joyce

SR: Books

31 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
31 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

6 Manner of Speaking, by John Ciardi
10 Trade Winds, by Jerome Beatty, Jr.
14 Top of My Head, by Goodman Ace
16 State of Affairs, by Henry Brandon
18 Phoenix Nest, by Martin Levin
25 Letters to the Editor
26 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight on films at the Fair
26 Literary I.Q.
27 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon on the television play that wasn't
28 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes on Shakespeare in Ontario
29 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton in St. Tropez
36 Literary Crypt
73 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1584

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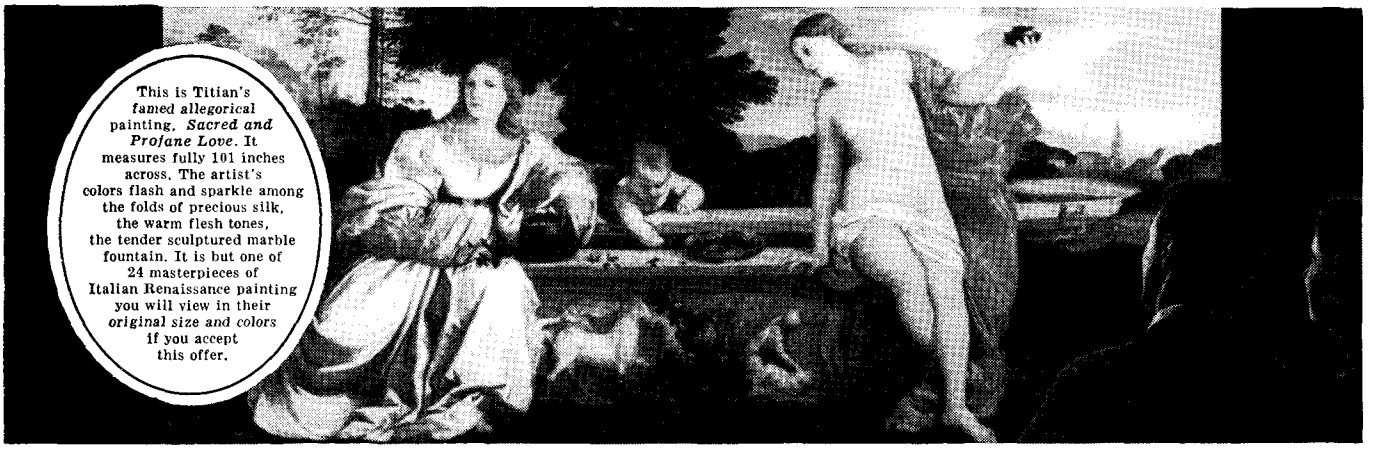
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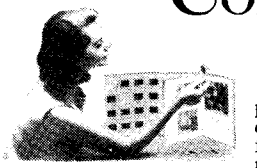

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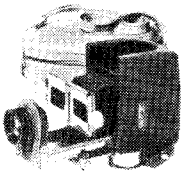

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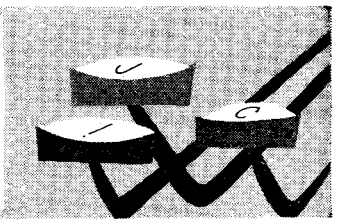
Manner of Speaking



Realism and Fantasy: This past May, John O'Hara was given the Award of Merit for the Novel by the combined American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters. The award is a distinguished one and the Academy-Institute bestowed it well. By genius and by devotion to the act of writing, John O'Hara has established himself as perhaps our senior living novelist and certainly as our senior master of realism.

I am not at all sure O'Hara will be surpassingly grateful to me if I see his tradition of realism as flowing from Farrell's *Studs Lonigan* with a tributary rising in Dos Passos's *USA*. Edward Dahlberg, were he on hand, might be inclined to argue that Farrell would never have known how to handle his sort of obsessive realism were it not for Dahlberg's *Bottom Dogs*. But in art, every line of descent must be bastardized. To say that one writer is the legitimate child of another is to damn him as a wan derivation.

Whatever O'Hara's derivation, he has educated himself beyond the dream of his fathers. As with Farrell's, the central passion of O'Hara's writing is verisimilitude. O'Hara's recall seems to be both total and unrelenting, but he has brought his powers of itemization to a technical management and to areas of experience unknown to such a primitive as Farrell.

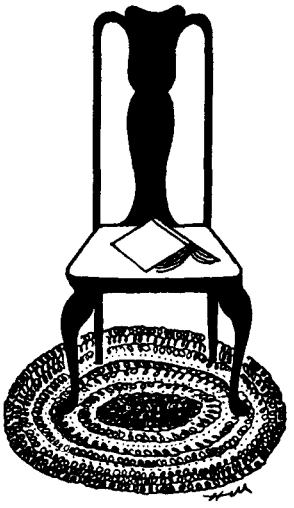
There is no situation in the American society with which he does not seem to be intimate. The son of a wealthy Pennsylvania family, for example, is given a new car back in the Twenties. Any competent novelist could be expected to know that a factory representative would accompany it in order to explain it to its new owner. But O'Hara can reproduce what seems to be the exact spiel the man would give, down to the last detail and technical specification for that particular car. It seems beyond possibility, yet for O'Hara it is simply a norm. He can manage the equivalent sort of detail on anything from a Hollywood party to the inner workings of an automobile agency or the machinery of the federal power structure. He is the magnificent specifier, and his structural sense seems never to fail in making his details cohere, and so to add up to more than the sum of their parts.

The danger of such relentless specification, of course, is that it can become oppressive. Its virtuosity can dazzle, but its accumulation numb. Such a typical piece of O'Hara as *From the Terrace* may yet turn out to be the best 450-page book any living American ever took 900 pages to write.

What I am clearing my throat to say —and to say it in admiration—is that I can soon get my fill of tireless realism. As part of my reaction, I even find myself ready to cheer such a book as Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*. Illiterate and cliché-studded as is its style and slapstick as is its conception, I find myself grateful for the gustier wind that blows there.

As it happened, the book I put down to go watch O'Hara receive his medal was another gusty first novel, this one by Stanley Elkin, titled *Boswell* (Random House. 387 pp. $5.95). Gustiness, let me say, is just about all it has in common with *Catch-22*. That, and a sense of satirical fantasy. In point of style and of intellectual grace, the author of *Boswell* is to the author of *Catch-22* as a jeweler to a primitive potter. Nor have I any basis other than happenstance on which to justify this ramble from the old master to the late arrival as if they did in fact belong in the same box. The thing about happenstance, however, is that it does happen. I did find myself thinking of the two together. And what I found myself thinking was that I remain at least as grateful to *Boswell* for its wacky satire as I am to the O'Hara shelf for its memory banks.

Heaven knows who the titular Boswell is, and he does not know his own father and mother, nor (except for a single glimpse of two skinny legs through a doorway) his own son. And even in that he is some sort of parable of all of us in the moment when we look up from our budget of fact and begin to sense that the world may turn out to be a dream someone else is having about us.



Yes, we do learn more about him. Boswell is Jim Boswell, who found his destiny early and found it in the person of the great Herlitz. Herlitz is another fantasy from that real dream of the world. Every executive room knows his ghost. He is the man who developed Psychological Placement to an intuition beyond science. For him nations line up their citizens, the great and the small, and at a glance Herlitz reads their abilities and the role they should play. He is "Our Father, which art IBM." And he it was who picked Boswell from a school line-up. What is Boswell's talent? To be nothing himself, but a friend to all the great.

So directed by Omniscience, Boswell begins his picaresque adventures through the doors of the great, the rich, the learned, the notable, and the notorious. No one knows him, but all recognize him, and he knows them all.

Boswell, as it turns out, is nothing less than a satirist's diary of the ego. Have we not all sat with kings and captains inside our own reveries?—sat with them and found them wanting? This world is the ego's oyster and Jim Boswell is time's shucker.

From Stanley Elkin, moreover, Jim Boswell has an intellect both learned and honed, a perception forever ready to burst into its own sort of wild and wacky poetry and a well-mastered pen with which to keep his diary. It is a mad fantasy that rises from the pages of that diary. But in Boswell's world only fantasy can begin to describe reality.

As for the poetry, let me recommend to any reader that he turn first to pages 137-52, to the account of Boswell's wooing of William Lome, "a rrrrrich man." And especially to the final encounter with Lome, in which he turns pitchman and sells bits of colored clay on the sidewalk. Elkin, to be sure, does not maintain an equal altitude throughout. I suspect the reader would die of anoxia on such a sustained flight. But glory to the heights in such moments as we can reach them.

Or it may be that *Boswell* is the hoax of the year, though if it is, it would be so only as one more semblance of the world as Elkin sees it. For the essence of this world, as seen, is exactly in the fact that it is a contrivance. But it is still that sort of contrivance we all more than half suspect our own world may turn out to be. A city of paper dragons. But add, too, that at its best it crackles around those weaving and bobbing grotesques like a Chinese New Year.

—John Ciardi.

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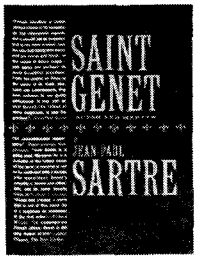

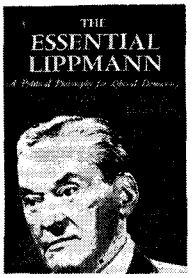

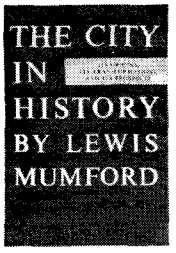

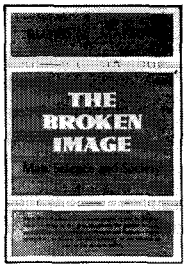

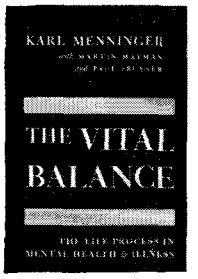

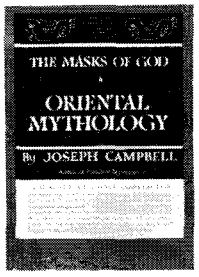

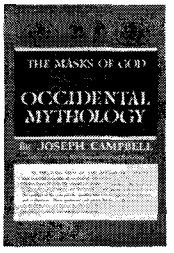

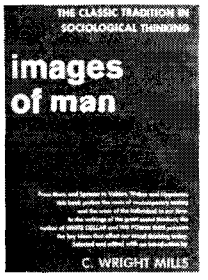

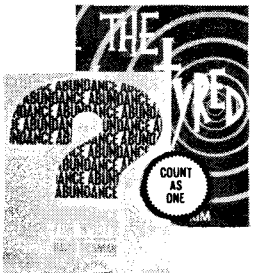

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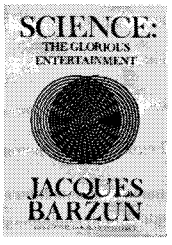

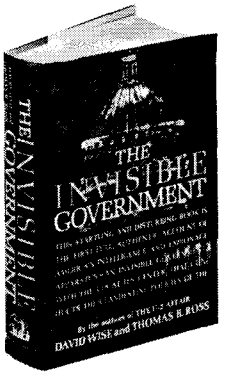

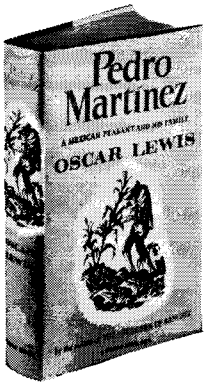

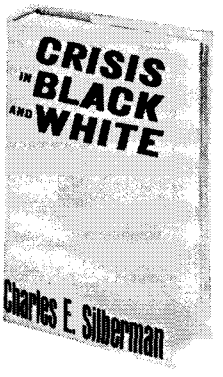

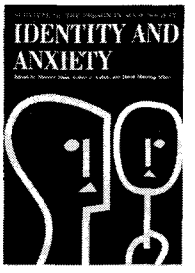

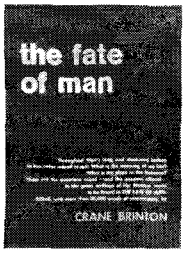

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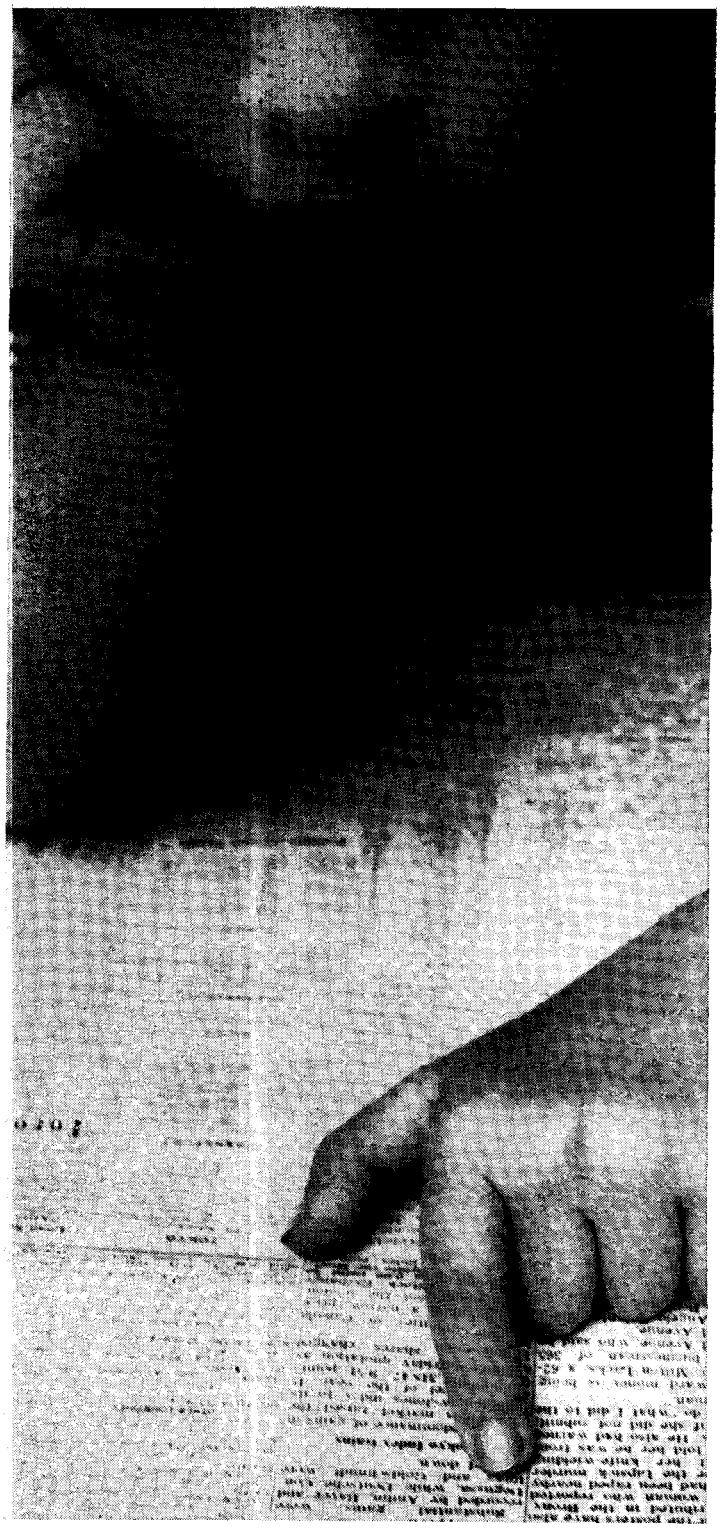
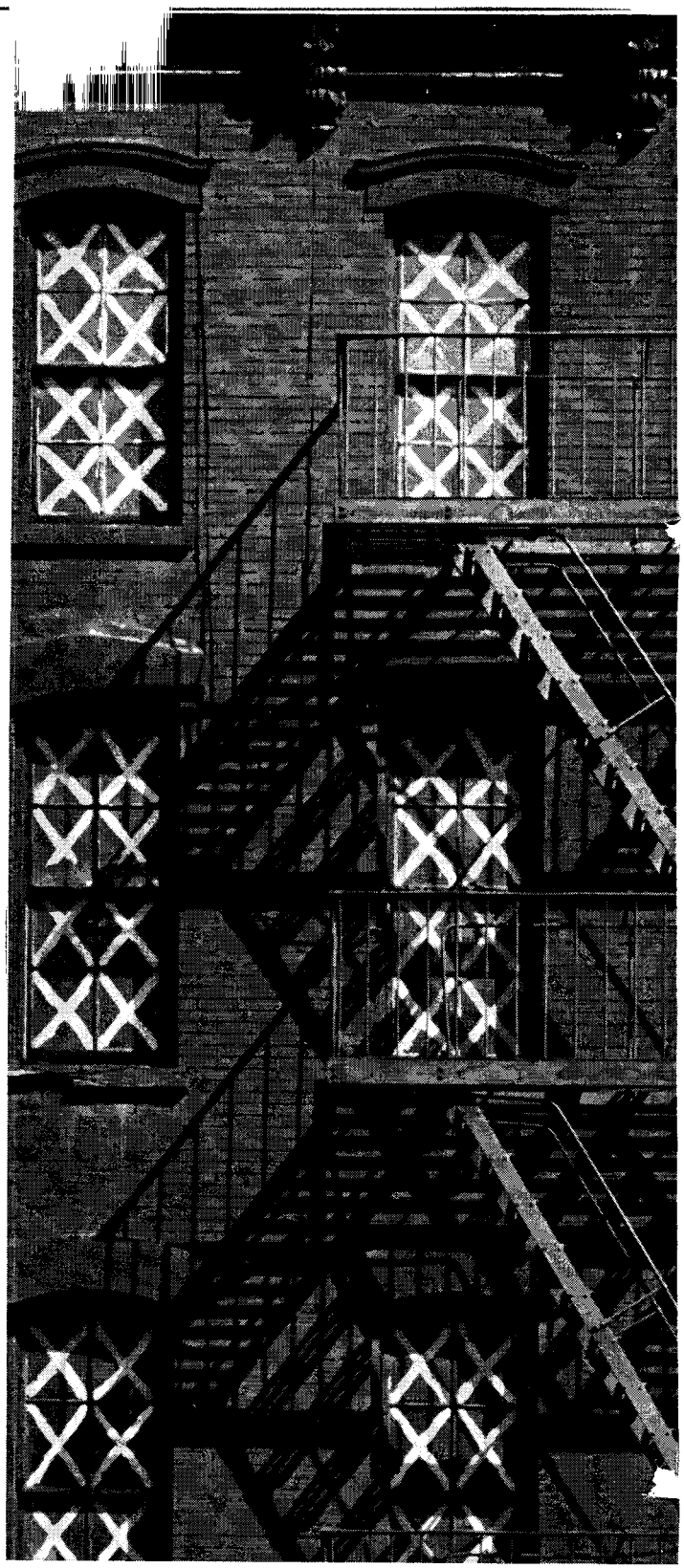


STEP IT UP Second-graders aren't normally regular newspaper readers—but they may soon be, thanks to a revolutionary new teaching method from McGraw-Hill's Webster Division. It's called Programmed Reading. This linguistic system, tested in hundreds of schools, has helped some beginners telescope two years' reading growth into nine months. How better could McGraw-Hill serve man's need for knowledge?



RIP IT DOWN The "X's" mean this building must go. One of ten million substandard units, it will be replaced in an urban renewal project. But *renewal* is only part of the problem. The architects who will rebuild this country must understand many new concepts. To explore areas never covered before, McGraw-Hill's ARCHITECTURAL RECORD is running a series of articles on "Total Community" problems.

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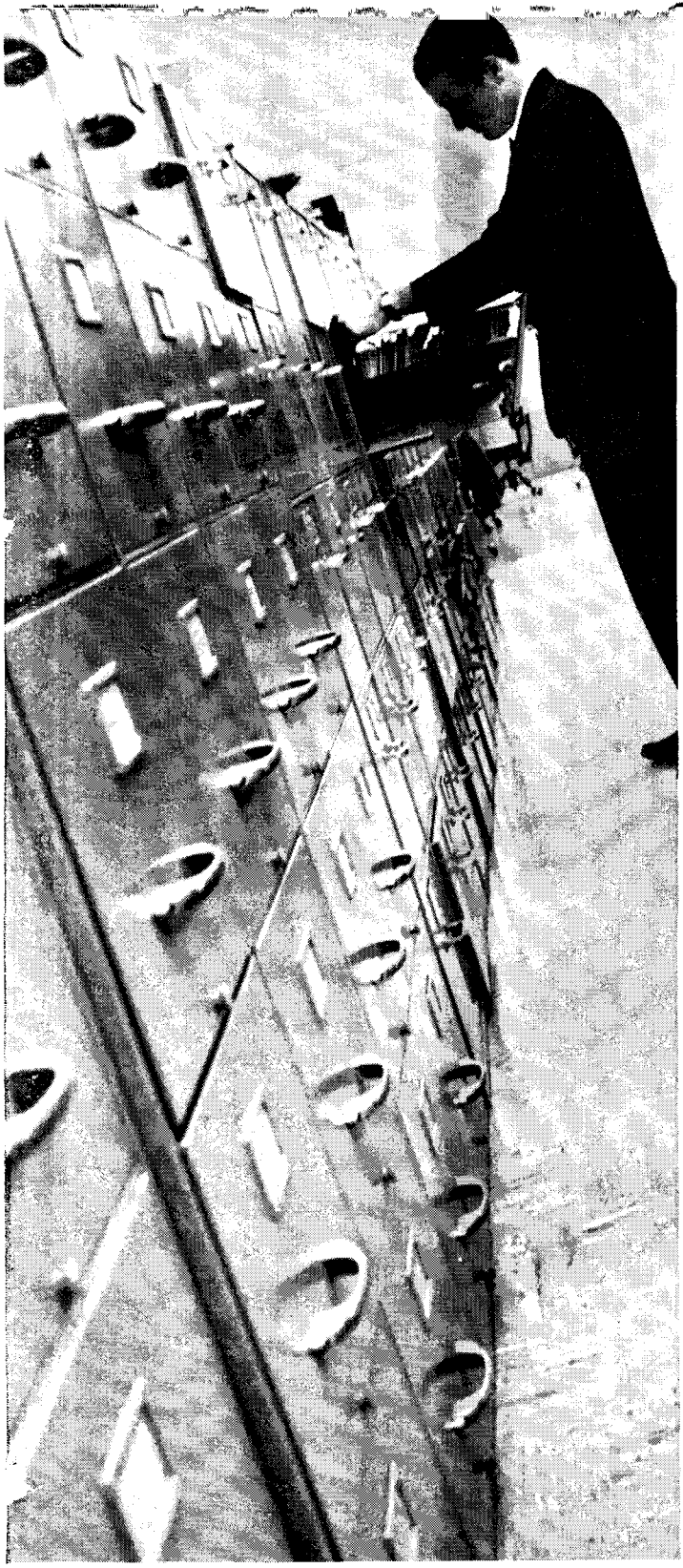

volatile, colorless, with an aromatic odor, prepared by the re
with an aromatic odor, prepared by the re
sulfuric acid and ethyl alcohol; it is used as
thetic and a solvent for resins and fats; a
diethyl ether. 5. in *physics*, a hypothetical
substance postulated (in older theory) as
space and serving as the medium for the tra
of light waves and other forms of radiant en
spelled **aether** (in senses 1, 2, 3).
e·the·re·al (i-thêr′i-əl), *adj.* [< L. *aetherius*; Gr
+ *al*], 1. of or like the ether, or upper regions
hence, 2. very light; airy; delicate: as, th
grace of her dancing. 3. heavenly; cele
earthly. 4. in *chemistry*, of, like, or contain
Also spelled **aethereal** (in senses 1, 2, 3).
e·the·re·al·i·ty (i-thêr′i-al′ə-ti), *n.* ethereal qu
e·the·re·al·ize (i-thêr′i-ə-liz′), *v.t.* [ETHEREAL-IZ
ETHEREALIZING], to make, or treat as being,
Eth·er·ege, Sir **George** (eth′ər-ij), 1635?–169
playwright of the Restoration.
e·ther·i·fy (i-ther′ə-fī′, ē′thər-ə-fī′), *v.t.* [E
(-fid′), ETHERIFYING], to change (an alcohol)
e·ther·i·za·tion (ē′thər-ə-zā′shən, ē′thēr-i-zā
1. an etherizing; especially, giving ether as an a
2. the fact or process of being or becoming
e·ther·ize (ē′thə-rīz′), *v.t.* [ETHERIZED (-rizd
IZING], 1. to change into ether; etherify. 2
to inhale ether fumes so as to make un
anesthetize with ether.
eth·ic (eth′ik), *n.* [Fr. *éthique*; L. *ethica*;
(*technē*), ethical (art); see ETHICAL], ethics or
of ethics. *adj.* ethical.
eth·i·cal (eth′i-k'l), *adj.* [< L. *ethicus*; Gr
ethikē, moral < *ēthos*, character, custom, mar
state; IE. base **swedh-*, **swēdh-*, essential
own character; akin to Goth. *swēs*, one's
having to do with ethics or morality; of or c
to moral standards. 2. conforming to the sta
conduct of a given profession: as, it is not *eth*
judge to hear a case involving his own interest
see **moral.**
eth·i·cal·ly (eth′i-k'l-i, eth′ik-li), ***adv.*** 1. in
manner. 2. according to ethics.
eth·i·cize (eth′ə-sīz′), *v.t.* [ETHICIZED (-sīz
CIZING], to make, or regard as, ethical.
eth·ics (eth′iks), ***n.pl.*** [construed as sing. i
1. the study of standards of conduct and m
ment; moral philosophy. 2. a treatise on th
book about morals. 3. the system or code of
a particular philosopher, religion, group, profe
E·thi·op (ē′thi-op′), ***n. & adj.*** Ethiopian.
E·thi·o·pi·a (ē′thi-ō′pi-ə), ***n.*** 1. an ancient
northeastern Africa,
south of Egypt. 2.
a country in eastern
Africa: area, 395,000
sq. mi.; pop., c.
20,000,000. capital

BUILD IT IN Business generates information faster than it can be organized. The problem is finding what you want when you want it. The solution is *information management*, the logistics of business. Our F. W. Dodge Division is developing new approaches to the problem. One combines data processing and graphic arts. Application: a 14-volume index that keeps track of and updates 50,000 cross-referenced items.

BRING IT OUT At a technical meeting, an engineer visits a competitor's suite without identifying himself, picks up valuable information. Is this proper? There are many gray areas of ethical conduct, and little has been written on the subject. Recently CHEMICAL ENGINEERING dissected the whole problem. Its series aroused the entire engineering field, focused attention on such moral dilemmas.

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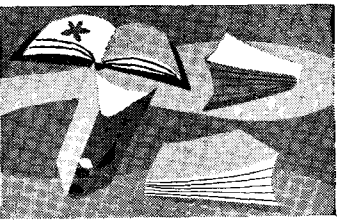
Trade Winds



In an issue of *The Listener* I found an illuminating story by an Englishman, Ralph Cambridge, about how he lost his job as a radio announcer in one of the new African nations. He had been hired for the station's half-hour program of English news because he could read the language like an Englishman. After the country had been independent about a year, Mr. Cambridge was politely informed that his services were to be terminated.

The reason for his removal was political. A letter came from abroad asking if the British were the rulers of the country, since the writer had heard an Englishman reading the news. The Minister of Information therefore directed that in the future there should be native announcers on the English program.

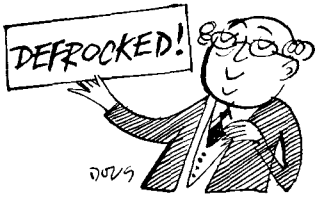
Before leaving, Mr. Cambridge was asked if he knew of a native who might be capable of taking his place. He did and recommended a local person who

had studied at a British university and was very much at home with the English language. This chap read the news for two weeks. Then it was suggested that his accent was so good that he might be mistaken for an Englishman, and he had to go, too.

Among the baffling communications from editors was the one described in *Writer's Digest*. A New York writer sent an article to an economics journal. After three months without a reply, he sent a letter. There was no answer to that, so he sent a telegram. He got his manuscript back with this note: "We had a fire. Many of our mail were not deliver. We are moving. I send you your article back. Please keep same until we are able to publish it."

I've been asked to start a feature called "When You've Seen One You've Seen 'Em All." The first five (and perhaps the last) entries are: 1. A comedian on the Ed Sullivan Show. 2. A ski-jumping competition. 3. A Perry Mason television program. 4. An anti-Castro Cuban. 5. A ticker-tape parade.

Goofs. From the chaplain's newsletter at the U.S. Naval Postgraduate School, Monterey, California: "On Sunday evening Dr. Robert McAfee Brown, re-



nounced Protestant theologian, will speak . . ."

On page 1 of *Computers, The Machines We Think With*, by D. S. Halacy, Jr., we learn that "while you are reading this sentence, an electronic computer is performing three million mathematical operations!" On the jacket of the same book: "while you are reading this sentence, an electronic computer is performing four billion mathematical operations."

From Biblo and Tannen's announcement of a new edition of *Palace of Minos at Knossos*: "All errata are being incorporated into the text."

In the *Journal of Neuropsychiatry* Dr. Veronica M. Pennington is described as Chief of the Impatient Section of the V.A. Center in Jackson, Mississippi.

Harry H. Crosby, chairman of the Division of Communications of the College of Basic Studies at Boston University, is amused when he receives his *SR* each week. It is addressed to him at the College of Basic Studs.

The Valley Stream, Long Island, Lutheran Church of Our Savior reported in its weekly news announcement that its photography instructor, William Eckenberg, "will be heaving dinner with President Johnson in Washington."

The Norwalk (Connecticut) *Hour* said that Mrs. Paula Leonard "sustained lacerations of the month when her automobile ran off the road." (That's an organization a good many drivers belong to, the Lacerations-of-the-Month Club.)

The Commerce Clearing House newsletter reports that there is "a raft of strangle new income tax situations."

It was just fifty years ago, August 11, 1914, that a hot scoop on the international situation was supplied by those who really knew it. The following prediction was made in the San Francisco *Commercial News:*

"The war in Europe will not last six months, said officials of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company. The war will be a smokeless powder war, the first great war in which that explosive is used, and a prolonged conflict is an impossibility. The life of smokeless powder is so short that the almost inexhaustible supply that would be required for a prolonged general war could not be accumulated, according to the powder makers."

When you want the truth, go ask the experts.

Sharps and Flats: Herman Kogan in *Panorama* recalls the time a few years ago when someone wanted to prove a point. The jokester sent typed copies of the first two chapters of *War and Peace* to ten well-known publishing houses, along with an outline for the rest of the novel. Four caught the gag, but the other six sent rejection slips.

►Japanese signs from Dorothy Salisbury. On a huge billboard in Yokohama: "What you can't get on the high seas sure is plentiful here!"

► She photographed this one so I would believe it: "Nikko Botanical Garden. Open 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. April to November. Admission by Ticket Only. No Botanizing, Drinking and Uproaring, etc. in the Garden."

► The Melrose (Massachusetts) *Free Press* tells about additions to the library. "New Books on Dancing Are Added to Library," says the headline. And, the story reveals, "*I Was Dancing*, by Edwin O'Connor, who has hoofed his way through the movies for years, is among the new books that have been added to the library."

► Harvey Jacobson says if John Glenn and his colleagues don't stop falling down in bathtubs and breaking their limbs on motor scooters we shall end up with a lot of astronaughts.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1583)

EDW(ARD) STREETER:
ALONG THE RIDGE

At St.-Jean Church—a typical bit of Basque architecture with three wooden galleries—the door that Louis XIV went through in Sixteen-sixty to wed his young Spanish bride has been sealed ever since so that it may never be sullied by commoners.

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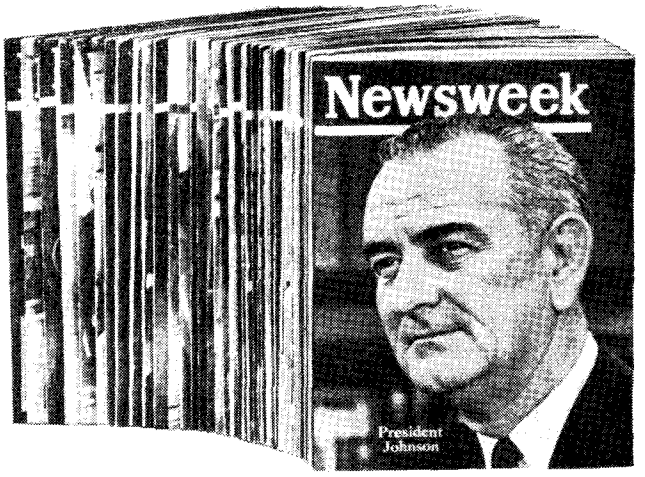

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TV: What will the new season bring?

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Here are the kinds of vital questions Newsweek examines

- How will the Republican ticket influence state elections?
- More police actions for the United Nations?
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- Is more education a solution to unemployment?
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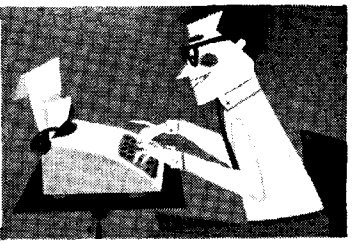
Top of My Head



Movies Are Older Than Ever

THROUGH all our political, moral, and social turmoil the one big question in television is "Who is the ale man? Who can he be?" Well, for one, I am the ail man—I'm sick and tired of all those commercials that clobber me as the price I pay to sit through an old movie that I'm sure I saw when it was a young movie, to say nothing of the times I think I saw it as a re-run old movie.

This is television's AM and FM—Ancient Movies with Frequent Messages. The other Saturday night I counted twenty-four old movies on TV, dating from 1932 (with Lionel Atwill, if you please) up to 1957. And this is not counting television's own original creations such as *Our Miss Brooks*, *Yancy Derringer*, *December Bride*, and Roberta Quinlan. Of course, she's not on TV any more. I put that in to see if you're paying attention.

We have been offered confusing and tangential explanations at the beginning of an old movie as to how many sponsors there will be to interrupt the story and mood of the picture. An announcer glibly announces that this portion is brought to us by—and he quickly mentions four sponsors. That seems reasonable. After ten minutes of the old movie, two of the four aforementioned sponsors each take a minute for their messages. The picture continues for another ten minutes, and the other two aforementioned sponsors take two minutes. So far not too bad. Not nearly so bad as when the Camel commercial comes on a newscast a-singing: "Things all seem to lighten up every time you light one up" —followed by a picture of a plane crash in which eighty persons lost their lives.

Back to the old movie. After the first four sponsors have finished their messages we are now up to about station-break time. But here we are confronted by two strange sponsors. Apparently while the first portion of the old movie was being brought to us by those four sponsors, somebody went out and hustled up a couple of sponsors off the street who are trying to horn in on the credit for showing this old movie.

We can't identify these sponsors because this is the spot we take time out to go get some water or vice versa. Now the second portion of the movie begins, and this portion has four new sponsors that are mentioned briefly. After ten minutes of the picture again, two of the sponsors take two minutes, following which another ten minutes of picture, and the other two sponsors with their messages, and the incursion at half-hour intervals of hitchhike sponsors. If the announcer had been truthful and announced that to watch this picture the price was a plethora of sixteen or eighteen sponsors you would no doubt have gone out and found a young movie at your neighborhood cinema house.

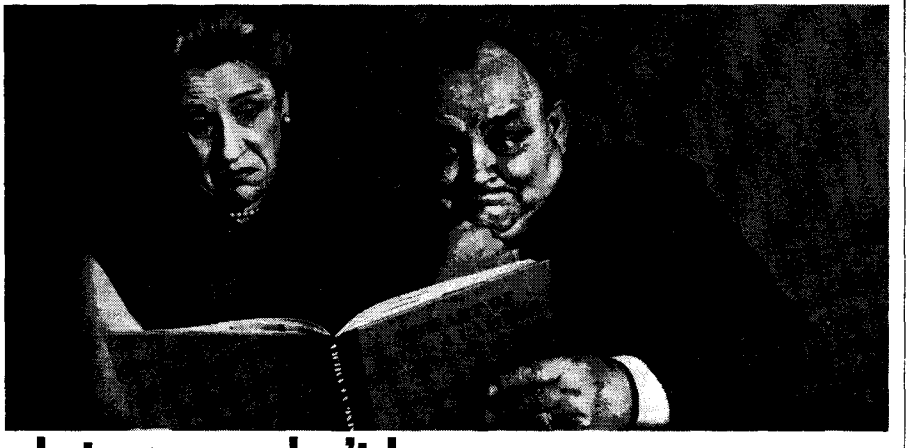
Which I did the following night. I called the theater and a recording told me the next complete movie would start at 10:10. I got there at ten and there was a long line. The man assured me there would be seats for all and the picture would start at 10:10.

At 10:15 I was still in line. I didn't mind—anything to get away from those commercials. At 10:25 I finally got to the box office. No, the picture hadn't begun. The 10:10 picture would go on at 10:30. This made it a little later than I had expected to stay out but it would be worth it. No commercials. And besides, it was the only picture in town I really wanted to see. It was the only picture without Peter Sellers.

It was a very good picture and I should have relaxed and enjoyed it more than I did. But at every fadeout I automatically tensed for a commercial. None materialized. It was eerie. I looked around at my fellow refugees from TV. They seemed composed and comfortable. I concentrated on the picture. Suddenly out of the dark came humming—"Who is the ail man? Who can he be?" I looked around. It was I. Suddenly I realized my problem. I had become a commercial addict. Their sublimal persuasion had done its job. They had infiltrated deep into my psyche. I could never again enjoy a movie without commercials.

The picture over, I sat there unable to move. But suddenly on the screen there appeared: "We invite you to the lounge for a cup of deliciously flavored Colombian coffee."

Saved! —GOODMAN ACE.



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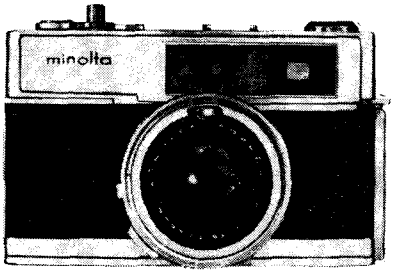

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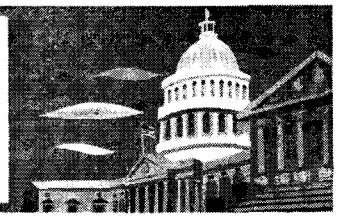
State of Affairs



The Coming Showdown

"PERHAPS the best way to define Senator Goldwater's philosophy is to compare it to a gyroscope." Thus one of the Republican Presidential candidate's most important advisers began to explain "Goldwaterism" to me during our conversation at the close of the Republican Convention.

He described himself as an "issues" or ideas man (the speech writers, the experts, and intellectuals who produce ideas and ponder the issues) on the Senator's permanent staff, in contrast to the "political" people (the organizers, the managers, and contact men).

"The gyroscope," he continued, "consists, of course, of a hard, permanent, solid outer frame while the inside is rapidly revolving. The outer framework compares with the American Constitution and the federal system; it is the constant, the durable part of the Senator's philosophy. It is the guarantee of order. The inner, mobile core is the symbol of change, of creativeness, of dynamism."

I suggested that there is something essentially static about a gyroscope. "True," he acknowledged, "but people are even accusing the Senator of going backward, maintaining that his idea of decentralizing this country and giving greater responsibility to the states is out of date. They are quite wrong. Look at what is being done in industrial research. This is not going on in one single center, but in countless laboratories across the country. It is dispersed; it often attacks the same problem in different ways and from many sides. This diversity is what is responsible for our great industrial progress. And in many respects it should be the same with our federal structure. It is unwise to concentrate all the power, all the creativeness in one center—the federal government. We have here fifty social laboratories—our fifty states in the union. They are live laboratories; why not use them, why not decentralize power the way our big industries are doing it?"

Such planning would involve giving the states a good slice of the federal tax income. The Goldwater man agreed and went on to explain the various ways of doing this. One method would be to give each state a flat percentage rate; another, to take a leaf from the Canadian experience and offer them a consolidated grant.

I reminded him that under President Eisenhower a study had been made of the kind of responsibilities that could be shifted to the states and how they could be made to benefit from federal tax subsidies. The President had discussed the report with the governors at a governors' conference. But in the end nothing came of it because it became clear that the governors were unwilling to assume these additional responsibilities; nor was there any agreement on how large a slice of the federal taxes they would need. The theorist agreed that it would be a tough problem, and I asked how he reconciled it with the Senator's idea of a further build-up in the American military potential, manned bombers and anti-intercontinental missiles being about the two most expensive weapons of all. Moreover, in order to carry out an offensive foreign policy as Senator Goldwater has proposed, it seemed to me that a strong central authority would be needed.

The Senator's aide, confident and engaging, was unruffled. "Of course, yes. Senator Goldwater would want to build up the Air Force and the intercontinental missile system. We would save money somewhere." This would not be easy—to give the states a chunk of the federal tax cake while reducing the cake itself. On foreign affairs the Goldwater man was equally assured.

"Russia," he said, "must be forced to renounce her power over other countries, and if she does not follow through, we will have to put the pressure on, and if we have no other option, force will have to be used. We are, after all, stronger than the Soviet Union; we have the power and we can control the gradual escalation."

I reminded him that Senator Goldwater always maintains that he is a strong supporter of NATO and that he is for strengthening it further. But it is plain that the NATO countries would not accept his approach to foreign policy, that they would rather disassociate themselves from it, which would mean the end of NATO. It is, in any case, questionable whether the United States has the bargaining power today to threaten the Soviet Union into such major concessions as giving up control over its Eastern allies, except by use of force. In such event, the appalling destruction on both sides would make it doubtful that even countries like Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia would want to be liberated under such circumstances.

I was reminded of a conversation I had had one evening last April in Budapest. I was dining with three Hungarians who had been freedom fighters in 1956. They were wondering whether we in the West were sufficiently aware of the dangers of Communism — especially in the newly emerging nations. Then the talk shifted to the policies the West ought to pursue in Communist Eastern Europe, and the delicate question came up whether John Foster Dulles had been wrong in failing to intervene with force during the 1956 uprising. My Hungarian friends indicated the keen disappointment they had felt at the time, though they argued quietly and dispassionately. It was an event in history that, it seemed, they had decided to forget, and the conversation moved to the situation as it now exists.

WHEN I asked what they thought of the policy of liberation as advocated by some politicians in the United States, they argued that if it were to come, it would come gradually. There was no way of deposing any of the Communist regimes in Eastern Europe by anything short of force and the advocacy of the use of force. In other words, any new intensification of the cold war would make it impossible for them ever again to have the kind of contact with the West that was gradually developing now. As one of my companions put it: "It would become impossible for us, say, to have dinner here with you and enjoy a free and frank discussion. The Iron Curtain would ring down and we would be thrown back into a situation as it existed several years ago. And war—who wants that?"

Senator Goldwater's theorist suggested that there were many ways of stepping up pressure against the Communist side short of actual war. "Food," he said, "is one of the greatest weapons of our time. It is more humane to be made hungry than to be made dead. We should withhold wheat from the Soviet Union, or give it to them only at a very high and worthwhile concession. We should destroy the crops in North Vietnam or offer the Vietcong guerrillas all the food they need as a price for giving up the fight in South Vietnam."

For all these arguments food looked like a weapon when, only three years ago, Communist China went through a very serious hunger and economic crisis, we were then told, with war raging in many parts of the Chinese mainland. Yet somehow it seems to have had little effect on the militancy and belligerency of Communist China; it has not even forced them to come to terms with their

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erstwhile ally, the Soviet Union, and there is every reason to doubt that it could force the Soviet Union into any major concessions now, even if the wheat crisis did recur.

It occurred to me only later that by a curious fluke of history the great argument that is now raging between Moscow and Peking—as to whether the cause of Communism will be advanced more successfully through negotiations, as Mr. Khrushchev is arguing, or through violent means and the use of force, as Mao Tse-tung is insisting—has now exploded in the middle of the American political scene. Just as Moscow and Peking are at loggerheads over this basic policy approach, so President Johnson and Senator Goldwater disagree. It has become one of the central issues of the election campaign. On one end of the scale there is the President, who wants to achieve some sort of gradual and limited accommodation with the Soviet Union, as Mr. Khrushchev does with the West, and to broaden trade and cultural exchanges and to make some progress in the area of disarmament. On the other end, the Republican Presidential candidate argues against any accommodation with Communist countries, against trading with them, and for heating up the cold war—if necessary by the threat or use of force.

Mr. Khrushchev is seeking a decisive answer to the controversy with Peking from his Communist brethren. He wants a showdown at a conference of world Communist leaders, but he has some difficulty in organizing it. The reasons for his difficulties are not so much inherent in the question itself as in the reluctance of the various Communist parties to have to take sides with either Peking or Moscow and thus create a clear split within the world Communist movement.

In the United States the situation, of course, is different. Here the controversy is very much a part of the election campaign, and the showdown over it is thus inevitable. And the world will probably have the answer from the American public sooner than from the Communist world.

Nobody can be quite certain what the verdict of the American voters will be because, as Senator Goldwater's aide pointed out to me, a new middle class has grown up in the South and in the West and Senator Goldwater is its candidate.

The great issue that has caused such a schism in the Communist world is therefore now dividing the American people, and the importance of the outcome of the coming elections thus goes far beyond the matter of personalities or party.

It is part of a worldwide debate.

—Henry Brandon.

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Avon Calling

Edited by Martin Levin

A Bard in Videoland

(In which the Poet, his set having failed, learns resignation.)

When, in disgrace with fortune and my pals,
I all alone berate that corpselike cathode,
And trouble dead channels with my bootless scowls,
And peer into the tube that lately glowed,
Wishing it like one of greater use,
Featur'd like it, like it more rich in juice,
Desiring this man's console, or portable at any rate,
For what I once enjoyed I now must castigate;
Yet thus eclips'd, o'er-Nielsen'd as I am,
I do not, in fact, really give a damn.
Though audio and video both should fail to play,
I reflect with jubilation on my maxim for the day:
Let nothing henceforth issue from the innards of that set—
If silence be golden, darkness is better yet.

—James F. Fixx.

The Critic Who Came in From the Cold

LOOMIS looked up the book. It was listed. In this game anything could happen. He wrote his cover name on the call slip in a spidery hand: "Stephen Peabody, 37-23 92nd Ave., Bayside, Queens." Handing in his slip, he received a card, Number 42. "South Reading Room," said the librarian. Round-shouldered; bald spot; wart on chin; reliable organization man. He went to the North Reading Room.

In the doorway an elderly, bewildered-looking man accosted him. "Beg pardon, Mister." His accent was flat and Midwestern. "Can you tell me how to get to the Empire State Building from this place?"

Loomis turned quickly, went downstairs, walked to the subway, caught a Flushing train to Times Square, took a crosstown bus to Second Avenue, and took a taxi back to the library. When he returned to the North Reading Room, the man was gone.

He sat down at the indicator and waited for 42 to appear. He was panting; he felt dizzy. Years ago, when new on the paper, he'd reviewed a spate of Eric Ambler books. They'd given him a recurrent dream: that he was riding the Ambler spy-train, the Istanbul-to-Cairo express. Marlene Dietrich and Madeleine Carroll were always in his compartment; Alfred Hitchcock was the conductor. Today, Loomis knew, spies no longer took the train; they jetted. The exotic old Istanbul-Cairo run, he was sure, had become decrepit and prosy, like the 5:48 to Stamford. But now, in his giddiness, he imagined himself again in the swaying coach, click-clacking with intrigue and counterplot. He dozed. When he awoke, 42 still hadn't appeared on the indicator. He realized that the board contained only odd numbers.

As he hurried out, a guard appeared. "Are you lost, Mister? I've noticed you been wandering around. . ." The flat of Loomis's hand caught the man on the back of the neck. Simultaneously his open fist landed in the pit of the stomach. This had no effect whatever. The man had him by the arm; he heard confused voices.

"We're used to nervous exhaustion here. I'll call a doctor." The director was tall and stooped. So this is where it ends, thought Loomis; the intricate complex of call slips and pneumatic tubes ends here.

Ann hurried into the office. "I was afraid this would happen. . ."

"Do you know this man?"

"Leave her out of this. She's my wife." Loomis felt a sinking sensation; the feeling of having read those words in print too often.

"He's a book reviewer. They make him read four or five spy stories, every single week. He's exhausted. Every man has a breaking point. And he's reached his." Once Ann had bitten into a cliché, she was never one to let go.

"Surprising it doesn't happen more often. You need a vacation, Mr. Peabody," said the Director.

"A vacation? I can't afford a . . ." Suddenly, with terrible clarity, he understood the whole ghastly deception. "It's Sunday. My blasted editor. He sent me here. He knew I'd go to pieces in this bloody place. Now the damned paper has an excuse to get rid of me."

"I don't understand." When Ann was bewildered, she looked less attractive than ever.

"It's painfully obvious. Being devious was too direct for him. Yet, if he told me the truth, he knew I'd assume he was lying. So he *pretended* to make me *think* he was lying, knowing I'd disbelieve him, because the truth, in its very simplicity, was too complex to understand. *Don't you see?*"

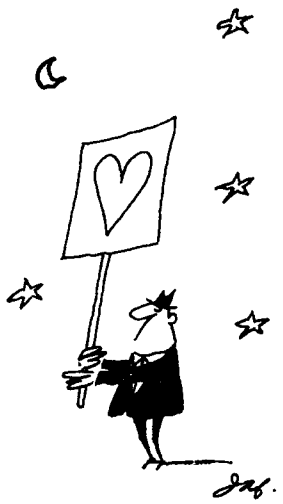
"No."

"Oh, for God's sake." Loomis knew he had to confront Sunday at once. A showdown might save his job. Otherwise . . . the little literary monthlies were full of men like him. Burned out. Space rated.

Out of the Director's office he ran, through the lobby, out the front door and down the steps. Far below, he saw an empty taxi. But the steps were slippery after the rain. He heard voices: "Careful, Mister," "Watch your step, pal." As he tumbled down, arms and legs flying, he saw himself on the spy-train, hurtling between Cairo and Istanbul. —Arnold M. Auerbach.

You Can't Tell an Author By His Cover

FOR a long time people have been saying Shakespeare couldn't possibly have looked like that. Sir John Squire called the folio engraving that has stared out at four centuries of high school English classes "the pudding-faced effigy of Dreshout," and Professor J. Dover Wilson observed disgustedly that the bust at Stratford that served as Dreshout's



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model looked like "an affluent and retired butcher, but does gross wrong to the dead poet."

In 1907 something called the "Grafton Portrait," a picture of a wistful but unidentified young man, was found in a place called Winston-on-Tees. Fastidious Shakespeareans have been pointing to it ever since as the true likeness of the Bard. Their point seems to be that Shakespeare could not have written plays unless he looked like Truman Capote.

Personally, I don't think it's possible to tell the difference between a satisfied author and a pensive butcher just by looking at their pictures. If it were, Samuel Johnson and Bertolt Brecht could have easily qualified for cards in the meat-cutter's union, and the Burstiner brothers, my butchers, would be hailed as successors to John Keats and Percy Bysshe Shelley.

If Shakespeare didn't look much like a playwright, neither did Molière or Ibsen. In pictures I've seen of Molière, he seems to be leaning on the back of his barber chair, calling "Next." Ibsen, who could have *used* a good barber, is the image of a District Director of Norwegian Internal Revenue. In our own day, I'd hate to sit down to a friendly game of cards with Tennessee Williams, if he didn't show me proper identification first.

People who think authors ought to look a certain way should study the backs of book jackets. They might conclude that Conrad Aiken is board chairman of General Motors, Vladimir Nabokov the operator of a pizza palace, and John O'Hara out of work.

Few writers look delicate, possessed, drunk, or whatever it is they're supposed to look. Norman Mailer has the bemused air and sartorial elegance of a production singer in a burlesque house, John Updike smiles as though he had just been promoted to the auditing department, and Gore Vidal looks as if his collar's on too tight.

Among our poets, two such disparate talents as Allen Ginsberg and John Ciardi have in common their unpoetical appearance. Ginsberg looks as if he's still sore at not having been picked Prime Minister of India, and Ciardi could be type-cast as a washed-up prize-fighter who's been passed by three weeks running at the waterfront shape-up.

To support his Shakespeare-the-Butcher thesis, Dover Wilson cites the "vapid expression," the eyes set "too close together," the nose "too small for the face," the "extraordinary upper lip,

the hanging lower lip, and general air of stupid and self-complacent prosperity" of the Stratford bust. If he thinks *those* are unliterary features, it's a good thing Dover Wilson never went to Breadloaf.

Some authors, however, are something special. There's Ayn Rand, who looks like Barry Goldwater, and J. D. Salinger, who looks just as he did twenty years ago, though only his butcher knows for sure. —Lou D'Angelo.

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Saturday Review
August 15, 1964

EXPERIMENT IN INDIA

An American ambassador discovers the value of books in diplomacy

By JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

IN THE winter of 1961, before I left for India to become ambassador, the Ford Foundation made me a grant of $15,000 for books. This was on my petition. My plea was for an experiment to see what a liberal and (hopefully) imaginative use of books might do to win respect, friendship, and good will for the United States, or otherwise facilitate diplomatic tasks. India seemed to be an admirable testing ground. The literate community speaks and reads English; there is active curiosity about the American intellectual scene. From earlier visits I knew that books and authors that are actively under discussion in the United States—and hence in Indian journals and press—are usually unavailable in the bookstores. The Indian government, though always short of foreign exchange, has been generous in the past in licensing the import of books. But distance and time are great. The books that are wanted soon disappear; only the others remain in adequate supply. My suggestion was that the American ambassador should have at his command a wide selection of books of current interest. Judiciously employed, they would also help influential institutions and individuals to keep abreast of American ideas and thought.

The mechanics of the arrangement were simple. The funds were appropriated to the American Council of Learned Societies. A committee consisting of Francis Brown of the *New York Times*, Thomas Wilson of the Harvard University Press, and Dan Lacy of the American Book Publishers Council was chosen to select the books. They had the advice and guidance of Frederick Burkhardt, the president of the ACLS. The committee bought on its own motion and also in response to my requests. It did its work very well; I am most grateful for the enlightened service of the members. The United States Information Agency and the Department of State helped in the shipment and receipt of the books.

I learned on my arrival in India what doubtless I should have known before: that the United States already had a small book presentation program. I became rather closely familiar with this offering during the first several weeks of my tenure, for it was used to fill the empty bookcases in the embassy residence. In odd moments of insomnia or idleness, I used it for my own reading. It was not seriously in conflict with the new experiment.

Perhaps a third of the books were on Communism; all, you will be relieved to know, were opposed to it. Some were alarming. All were unread. The selection ranged from the works of the Overstreets, J. Edgar Hoover, and Victor Kravchenko (there were some even more searing warnings about what the deceitful rascals had in mind) to the worthy institutional studies of Communism and the Soviet Union financed by the foundations. This part of the collection reflected the tendency of American foreign policy during the immediately preceding period (on which Herman Finer has commented in *Dulles Over Suez*) to be almost totally preoccupied with Communism and the Soviet Union. It is a simplification for which a certain number of our people still yearn. It reduces everything to two easily mastered elements: Them and Us.

THE remainder of this offering dealt cautiously with the classics, geography, free enterprise, and large-type picture-book history. Lincoln's speeches were available in full; so was Sandburg on Lincoln. There was a fairly complete collection of the work of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Hemingway was the most recent novelist and almost the only one. *Profiles in Courage* was on the list. However, this tolerance did not extend to the works of Schlesinger, Galbraith, or Chester Bowles. Some time after my arrival my books were added; it gave me great pleasure to continue for a reasonable time the caution as regards Professor Schlesinger.

In general this list reflected the deep conviction of people who do not read concerning the persuasive power of books on those who do. Most often this manifests itself in an effort to have books suppressed—or otherwise kept out of the hands of the presumably susceptible. But it also has its affirmative side. This is the distribution of unreadable books to people who will never read them in the belief that the capacity of the wrong books for unlimited danger is matched by the capacity of the right books for unlimited good.

One should also, I thought, have some doubt about any exercise in international enlightenment that devoted so much of its energy to telling of the sins of other countries while being so inordinately careful in speaking about itself. However, I am commenting on things as they were at the beginning of 1961. I do not think that any of the men appointed by President Kennedy had such a prompt and profound effect on the institution that he headed as did Edward R. Murrow. He was not interested in automated anti-Communism; he saw his agency as a showcase where all the wares of the United States should be displayed. Month by month, under his management, one could see the change. That was not everywhere the case. In the State Department, however, Murrow's more rational view of these matters was ably seconded by that of Assistant Secretary Lucius D. Battle.

Let me return to the Ford books, as they came to be called. In the autumn of 1961 they began to arrive. As the fruit of a different enterprise we also obtained a handsome collection of paintings from the International Council of

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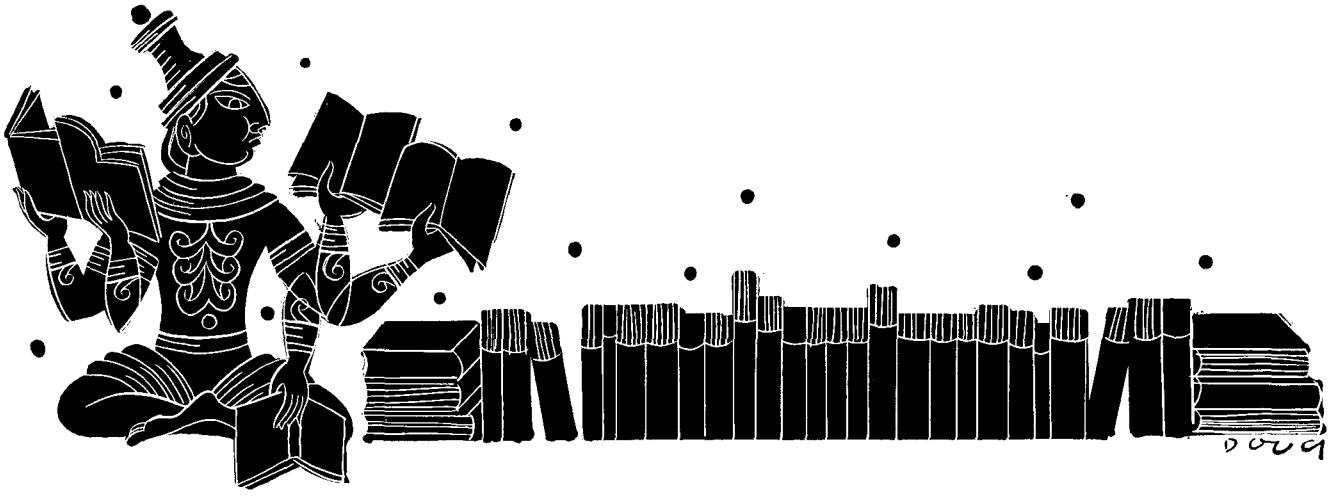

the Museum of Modern Art. The paintings covered the walls of the embassy residence. The new books filled up the bookcases. The first effect was on the morale of the inhabitants, and this was very good. We invited visitors to help themselves whenever they saw a book that interested them. I kept a similar collection at the office and encouraged callers there to do likewise. When I visited officials, politicians, scientists, writers, or professors, I made a practice of taking along a volume or two that I thought would be of interest. I sent books when I knew someone was taking a trip or going on leave or was ill. I tried to remember birthdays and anniversaries. When we traveled we always had a stock of books aboard the embassy Convair. Whenever I went to a university, college, or research institute, I confirmed the visit afterward with a gift of books for the library. When some specialized volume came in, I tried to think who might be interested, and when I discovered how difficult this was, I encouraged my senior staff to do the same. At the residence and chancery, a girl came in once a week to make note of the books that were missing and replace them. These were the highly informal arrangements for distribution.

I turn now to the results.

People were certainly pleased to receive the books. Many were profoundly delighted to get some volume they had not expected to find for months—if ever. I think our visits were longer and more favorably remembered because of the books. I had a constant sense of good will from providing this reading matter. In time I came to be recognized as a minor source of contemporary writing; I would be asked if I could help someone lay his hands on this or that. When I could, people were especially grateful.

I do not suggest that this warm response justifies the experiment. But neither can it be absolutely proven that alcohol, for which the State Department each year wins modest appropriations, pays for itself. Some matters must by their nature remain subjective. On the whole, in a temperate community such as New Delhi, the case for books is better than that for whiskey, although admittedly the appeal is to a somewhat different class of customer.

I WAS surprised to learn that much of the interest concentrated on comparatively few titles.

My committee was determinedly eclectic in selections. It did not send textbooks, highly specialized scientific books, or do-it-yourself manuals on gardening, sex, and electronics. It did not send me the works of Mrs. Helen Gurley Brown. But it provided me with a wide selection of reputable fiction and nonfiction and went on to literary criticism, history, politics, sociology, and social criticism, economic development, regional economic studies, general scientific and technical works, and other areas of specialized interest. The books of the university presses were well represented. For half, and possibly as many as three-quarters, of these titles I had a real disposal problem.

Partly, this was the problem of fitting the books to taste. There were people in India who would have cherished many of them. One did not know who they were or happen to encounter them when the book was on the shelf. But there is also the obvious fact that much competent writing is closely tied to the American culture—a book that deals (as have so many of late) with some hitherto unexplored aspect of the Civil War is of no interest in India. Nor are other secondary sidelights, however interesting to Americans, on political and social history. I have enjoyed few books as much in recent times as the delightful memoirs of Francis Biddle, but they are for Americans, not Indians. Nor do the Indians share our seeming enthusiasm for knowing everything that happened on the day the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, the day Roosevelt died, or the day Dick Nixon got pelted with tomatoes. Popular social criticism—that of the Vance Packard genre—is only for home consumption. Much work of high scholarly importance—that of Professor Link on Wilson, for example—intrigues only the specialized student of the American scene.

I was also forced to the conclusion that a great many pieces of scholarly research, as they are called, are published each year that can't be of very much interest even in the United States, for the reason that they are not very intelligent. There was a steady accumulation of books on the shelves, many of them from the university presses and mostly on history, politics, and social criticism, which were heavy, unimaginative, parochial, dreary, and mechanical rather than thoughtful—though with adequate footnotes and index. I could not bring myself to give these books away. I suppose they did earn the man his promotion.

I must also say a warmly negative word about another class of literature that accumulated on my shelves. (I suspect it also of being a fraud on the American library system, which, under compulsion, buys enough copies to seem to justify publication.) That is work that depends not on interest, originality, or merit but the fact that it is authored by, or is attributed to, or reflects the participation of, or agreement among very important people. Lectures and slender books by men of distinction, symposia in which they participated, and studies supervised and tranquilized by their guidance and review all fall in this class. The more stereotyped propositions concerning the cold war, our military and alliance strategy, the problems of the new nations, and, above all, efforts to

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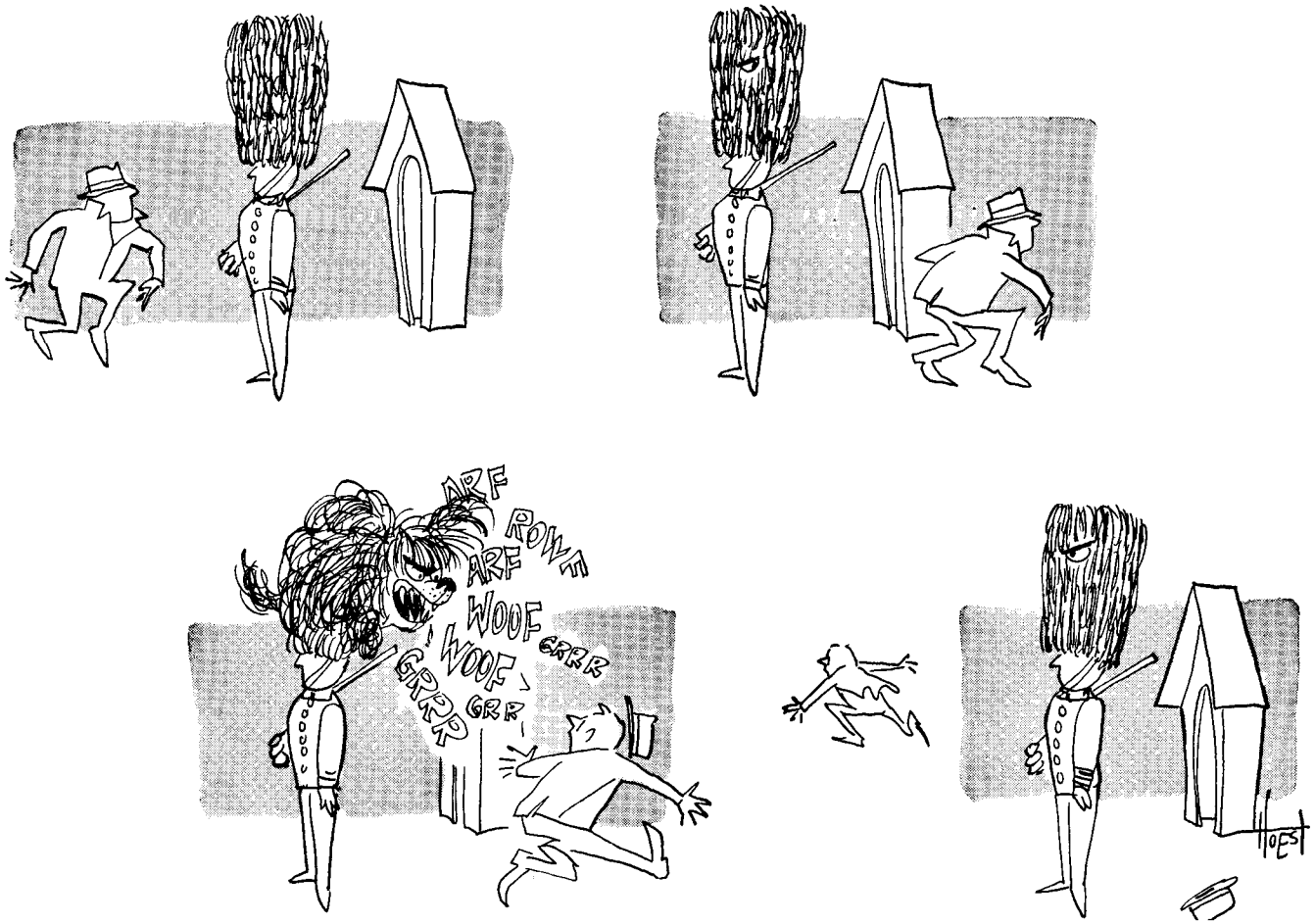
characterize American society and to define its goals are the most common topics.

The documents and reports of the American Assembly were among those that accumulated. So—a much more important case—were numerous of the books of the Council on Foreign Relations. The council is an organization of much prestige and its books are in the area of most immediate interest. However, prestige, in literary matters, is not a wholly adequate substitute for performance. Its books, with exceptions, were not very useful. Former U.N. Ambassador Ernest Gross's book on the U.N., *The United Nations: Structure for Peace,* which should have been valuable, depends for its distinction entirely on the high public reputation of the author and the committee that aided him. It is poorly organized, ungracefully written, and almost unreadable. It has a special instinct for both sides of the question—sympathy for the principle of universality in the U.N.; firm opposition to admitting Red China. Secretary of State Christian Herter's book on NATO, which appeared at the end of my tour, is trite and incomplete to the point of error—the Communists in their devious way get all credit for taking over Cuba; no mention is made of the Batista dictatorship, the indignities suffered by the Cuban people, or any American diplomatic mismanagement. It is also visibly padded with a windy declaration of the Atlantic Convention of NATO nations and seven pages of random press comment.

Ambassador John C. Dreier's book on *The Organization of American States and the Hemisphere Crisis* is competent, but excessively preoccupied with machinery and the issue of nonintervention and too little with the sound and political factors that begat the crisis. My colleague John D. Montgomery's book on *The Politics of Foreign Aid,* to which I looked forward with great interest, is competently researched, but its conclusions get lost in its facts. He thanks a committee of thirty-eight members. Perhaps he tried to please too many. Former Assistant Secretary of Labor George Lodge's volume on trade union activity abroad, *Spearhead of Democracy,* is uncompromising in its commitment to the cold war even among these volumes; he begins with the statement that "We are involved in a total war" and must have ". . . total mobilization of all resources. . ." Though he then abandons both total war and total mobilization, the book is very sketchy, as he himself half suggests. There were better books —for example Arnold Kramish's *The Peaceful Atom in Foreign Policy,* which I would have used extensively if it had come out in time. But unless the council feels that high public office combined with formidable deliberation is a sufficient justification for authorship, then a drastic upgrading of its editorial standards is immediately in order.

Officials of the United States Government—the President alone excepted—are also herewith advised that there is no overseas market whatsoever for their collected speeches. The subordinate who urges that these gems be brought together into a collected volume is a Uriah Heap. He should be fired instead of, as now, promoted. During my time in India I published a collection of my own lectures. They were written for publication and laboriously rewritten several times. I am not sure they escape my own indictment.

As I have noted, a few titles were in great demand—people picked them out, asked for them, or were obviously delighted to get them. In these years the three volumes of Arthur Schlesinger on Roosevelt, George Kennan's *Russia and the West* and (by a wide margin) Theodore White's *The Making of a President* were the most popular titles. Such books as Barbara Tuchman's *The Guns of August,* Hugh Thomas's *The Spanish Civil War,* and Robert Heilbroner's *The Future as History* were also in general, unspecialized demand. This list (a sample) consists mostly of contemporary history with a strong political bias and obviously reflects the tastes of the particular community in which an ambassa-



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dor moves. He sees many public servants and politicians; rather fewer artists, poets, and botanists. But the selection should fit the community.

Novels were only modestly in demand. One of my few clients was Prime Minister Nehru, who was genuinely delighted to have a selection on the occasions when he managed to get away from Delhi for a few days in the hills. The one of which he most approved—not especially recent—was Edwin O'Connor's *The Last Hurrah*. The novel of the last few years that was most appreciated was *To Kill a Mockingbird*. Steinbeck and Hersey did well. J. D. Salinger is either unknown or not to the Indian taste.

Almost anything on contemporary art was welcomed. In India as elsewhere, some like it; the others were flattered to have it supposed they did.

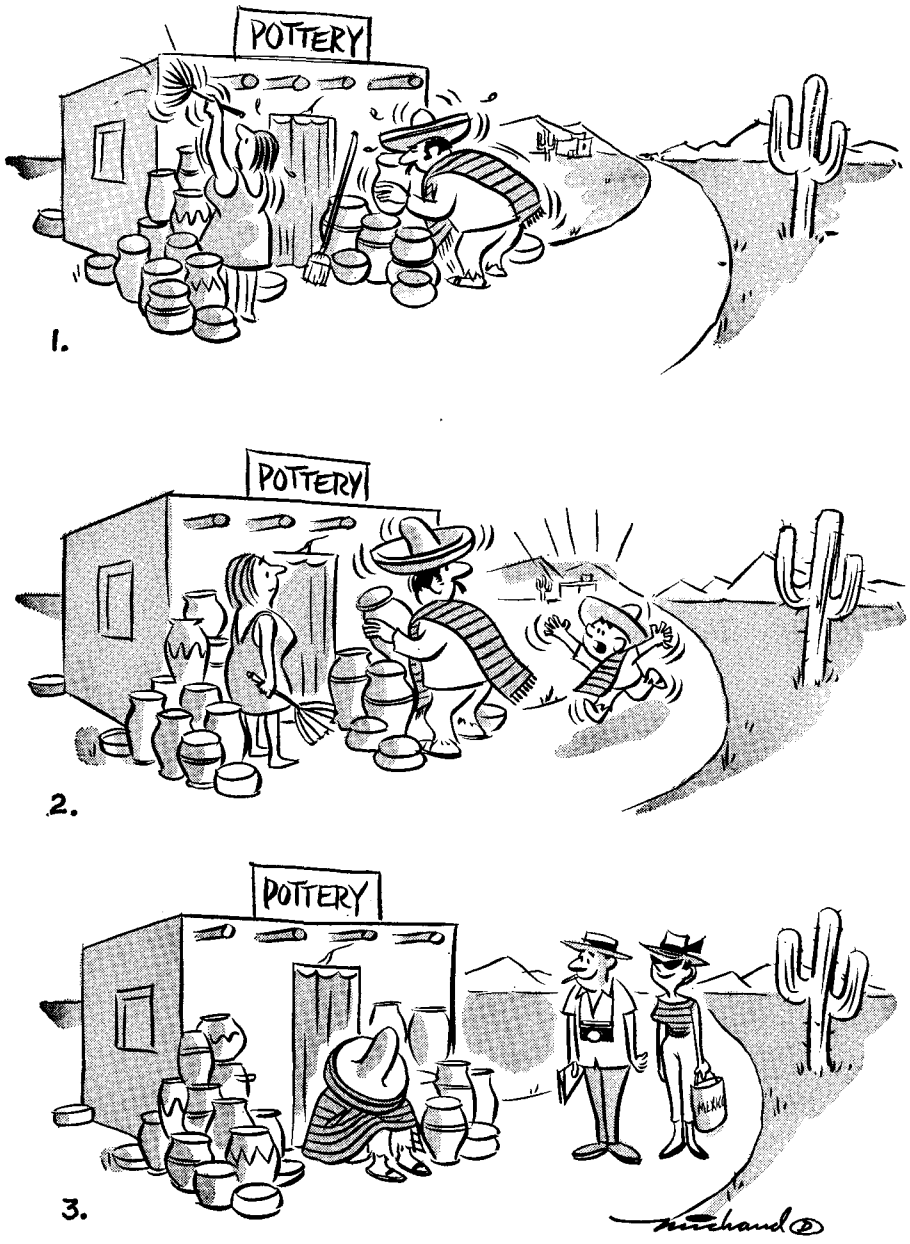
Scientific and technical works, when they fitted the interest of the recipient, were also greatly appreciated. Just over a year ago we gave a dinner for the newly elected Governor of Orissa, A. N. Khosla, a former member of the Indian Planning Commission and a highly distinguished hydrological engineer. By an accident of timing I had just received a very technical volume by several of my Harvard colleagues on the application of linear programing techniques to the management of water resources. It would have been hard to imagine a better gift. Dr. Khosla kept opening it during the evening to sample a page here and there. The problem was to select these books—they needed to combine high competence without esoteric specialization, and it is possible that I should have had a general-purpose scientist on my committee. There was also the further and equally serious problem of fitting book to recipient. However, spares are always welcomed by the libraries.

My committee kept me well supplied with verse—both new volumes and anthologies. It was easy to give and also, I think, generally welcomed.

I had stressed my desire for a wide selection of experimental and *avant-garde* writing and my committee also responded well in this respect. Occasionally I found someone who was pursuing Kerouac, Durrell, or *The Evergreen Review*. However, and again perhaps because Indian tastes are conservative, this work tended to accumulate.

We made the initial mistake of not asking for children's books. We found that many Indians were much more concerned with finding good American books for their youngsters than for themselves. Eventually they came to occupy a considerable part of our offering. Few books were more welcomed than Adamson's *Born Free*.

I was unable to find customers for five copies of Herman Kahn's *On Thermonuclear War*.



These and numerous other unwanted titles remained when my tour came to an end. We considered what to do with them. Not being handicapped by the profit system, we presented them to the libraries of various schools, colleges, and universities in the vicinity of New Delhi.

THE most important feature of this experiment was that the books were used as books, not as imagined weapons. (We have a possible tendency to be persuaded by our metaphors.) Our concern was that they should interest, entertain, and enlighten the recipient, which is what books can be expected to do. They weren't expected to win bodies in the cold war, a function at which they are probably not very efficient. Good books are enjoyed and win us prestige and esteem. But these are not the books that attack the Communists or, for that matter, go into soaring prose about the American system of free, private, individual, and unremitting enterprise. Those that do are usually pretty bad. They win no friends and don't even get read. One need only reflect on the effect of giving the late Prime Minister Nehru, for holiday reading, a newly minted pamphlet of the National Association of Manufacturers, or even the collected works on free enterprise of Mr. Clarence Randall.

If this point is kept in mind, I would certainly urge that the experiment we tried in India be broadened. In other Asian countries and also in South America and Africa there is the same appetite for books as in India. The American ambassador can meet it in his particular circle with great profit. The cost is not very great; there aren't many posts where as much as $5,000 can be spent on good current books for informal distribution in a year. I would doubt if there is any better way of spending $500,000 or $1,000,000 a year.

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Tourists, Pawns, and Pigeons

THE rack is not obsolete. Once used by governments to exact penance from public offenders, it is now used to extort money from invited guests, those friendly visitors known as tourists.

But the modern rack is no crude winch for stretching limb and sinew. It is a more subtle device for stretching the visitor's purse to the breaking point. Disguised as a tourist tax, it extracts discriminatory dollars by the millions from travelers in at least forty countries on five continents today, and its pernicious popularity with fiscal authorities is threatening to spread to more and more governments.

It is time to speak out against this blight as well other restrictive practices that endanger the $8.5 billion international travel industry. That industry itself, which is now at a moment of record growth that promises economic, cultural, and social benefits to many nations, should speak out. Government travel and trade authorities should speak out. Industry and governmental associations should raise their voices. Communications media should be heard.

If people are funny, governments can be even funnier. Governments around the globe today are spending more than $150 million a year in sales promotion to persuade the citizenry of many lands to visit their countries. Thirteen million Americans responded to these invitations last year and in the process spent $3.2 billion on travel abroad.

Once the invitation was accepted, however, a funny thing happened.

In some countries the foreign tourist was taxed just to stay in his hotel room. In Paris the visitor is charged $5 at the airport before being allowed to board his plane for New York. It costs a first-class passenger $13 in Italy to embark or disembark from his ship. A cruise passenger in Puerto Rico must pay $2 simply to step ashore. The airport departure tax in Lima, Peru, is $7, while in Bermuda the departing guest is deprived of $2.85 for the privilege of bidding his host island farewell. London offends, and so do Rome, Copenhagen, Nassau, and scores of other areas tempted by the sight of a still-solvent tourist escaping to his homeland or some other "welcoming" destination.

The tourist is a voiceless, helpless victim in this official process. He can struggle with price inflation abroad. He can protest rude service, overpriced merchandise, inadequate accommodations, or inferior cuisine. But government tourist taxes are impersonal, remorseless, and inexorable.

And these taxes violate the spirit of international travel just when other stubborn barriers to the freedom of travel are being dismantled.

Visa requirements for most important countries have vanished or been greatly simplified. Customs and immigration procedures, even in the United States, have become swifter and more courteous. Currency controls have been reduced or eliminated in many countries, notably in Japan this year. The U.S. Supreme Court has ruled that the State Department can no longer deprive an American citizen of his passport or right to travel abroad simply because the department disapproves of his political views. Tourist traffic has made the Iron Curtain increasingly porous. Even Red China has made a tentative but nevertheless significant move to admit foreign visitors by authorizing a Pakistan airline to fly a regular service into Canton and Shanghai. The Soviet Union is making it visibly easier for its nationals to journey abroad.

For eighteen years the International Union of Official Travel Organizations has battled the barriers to travel and has supported freedom of movement as an inalienable human right. The United Nations has ratified this freedom in its Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and as recently as last summer in Rome, when eighty-seven nations assembled under U.N. auspices to formulate even more enlightened policies and practices to facilitate world travel, formally declared that "tourism is a basic and most desirable human activity deserving the praise and encouragement of all peoples and all governments."

That is why the proliferation of discriminatory taxes, burdening the tourist's budget and offending his sense of fair play, is such a disturbing phenomenon.

A NEW world travel body, purporting to speak for the international travel industry, will meet for the first time in Athens, Greece, at the end of this month. This body, the Universal Organization of Travel Agency Associations, in which the American Society of Travel Agents is a prime mover, should take this occasion in the birthplace of democracy to speak out against the mushrooming fiscal persecution of the international tourist. U.S. flag-carriers, both air and sea, should register their views most strongly with governments imposing, increasing, or extending such taxes.

And so should all foreign carriers. For the carriers themselves have a major stake in opposing restrictions of any kind that hinder the fullest flow of traffic, whether abrasive taxes, punitive reductions of airline frequencies, or excessive port landing charges.

International tourism is a vast economic force, the largest single item in world trade today. It is praised and encouraged as an instrument of peace and understanding. It is commonly acknowledged to be a unique source of cultural enrichment and personal recreation. The inalienable human right of the tourist to travel freely has been affirmed by the United Nations and by many governments, including that of the United States.

Many governments, including our own, still continue to struggle with the temptation to restrict the foreign travel of their nationals in order to protect

(*Continued on page* 30)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Rights Struggle

EMILE CAPOUYA'S REVIEW entitled "Documents of the Struggle for Public Decency" [*SR*, July 25] was a tremendously exciting article. It provided clarity and revelation about the almost totally unsatisfactory behavior of the white majority where civil rights are concerned.

Capouya's reviews are the very first thing we look for, for we know we will not only get a fine assessment of the literary quality of the book being reviewed, but also challenging, incisive comments on the book's premises.

DR. AND MRS. JACK ALLOY.
Philadelphia, Pa.

ONE EXPECTS, in these heated days, a fair amount of nonsense to be uttered in the name of civil rights, both for and against.... Mr. Capouya speaks of the Northern "ghettos" in which Negroes live. But the truth is that no Negro or anyone else in the United States lives in a ghetto, which means, by law, that one be required to live in a particular place because of his race. In fact, in this country one can be prevented, because of race, from living in very few places.

Perhaps, to most people, Mississippi is fair game these days for whatever calumny one wishes to heap upon it. So Mr. Capouya, with an anything-goes attitude, has his try at it: "Now, if a mule had been stolen in Mississippi last week, the thief would already have cause to repent. The murder of three young men gets less speedy action there." Not even poetic license can justify this absurdity. No rational man can reasonably believe that a stolen mule would bestir the Mississippi authorities to greater effort than the missing (and presumably murdered) young men.

Had he not so thoroughly discredited himself as a thinker and an observer, Mr. Capouya might be worth hearing on his hints that the civil rights movement will come to naught unless there is a "transformation of American society from top to bottom." If Mr. Capouya is capable of blueprinting his new utopia, which I doubt, he mercifully spares us the details.

WINSTON BROADFOOT.
Chapel Hill, N. C.

EMILE CAPOUYA ROUNDLY berates Attorney General Kennedy for his failure to "protect the lives of Americans [in Mississippi] by means of our armed forces" and predicts that Mr. Kennedy will be "embarrassed" by his failure to act and his contention that he lacks authority to order intervention by the armed services. . . .

Article 2, Section 2 of the Constitution specifically names the President as "Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States and of the militia [National Guard] of the several States when called into the actual service of the United States." Patently, under law, the Attorney General does not have the power with which Mr. Capouya would invest him.

JOSEPH S. MCJIMSEY.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

"The handwriting is on the wall, Lawrence."

THE ARTICLE by Emile Capouya was a superb discussion of the recent works concerning our changing social complexion as well as a forthright statement on civil rights. I deeply appreciate a writer who does not prance around the issue, but says what it is, why it is important, and what must be done about it. Emile Capouya has done this. . . .

BRETT P. CONAWAY.
La Mesa, Calif.

IT IS TOO LATE to avoid the bloody mess, the opening skirmishes of which have begun in Harlem. But if we ever survive it, we will owe a small debt to *SR* and Mr. Capouya.

JOHN CLAYDON.
Cincinnati, O.

Vanishing Novelists

I AM A PERSON far away belonging to another race, another clime, another language, and so my thoughts after reading Herbert Kubly's article on the "vanishing novel" [*SR*, May 2] may interest you. The reason the novel is vanishing is that making up a novel has become in your country a profession that everyone who knows how to write enters. Inspiration is the life of any work of art; profession, with its concomitants, competition and hurry, is art's death.

Great men write great novels escaping from themselves, projecting themselves into the outer world, not writing what their psyche unintentionally pours out. The public psychoanalysis of books by reviewers on second- and third-hand evidence of facts about their authors has ruined reading as well as writing. The quotation at the end of the article is beautiful as well as true and instinctive: "Books have to be read, not eaten. A few savage tribes eat them, but reading is still the only method of assimilation to civilized people." I don't think by "eating books" E. M. Forster meant translations, but he might well mean it.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI.
Madras, India

Fair and Unfair Views

THE LETTER from John Joseph Palmer of Argentina about the New York World's Fair [*SR*, July 25] deserves comment. While it must be agreed that this particular fair is nothing more than crass commercialism, to single out American pavilions is most unfair. Without exception, each Latin American "exhibit" does nothing more than promote the fact that the country manufactures sewing machines, motor bikes, and various automobile parts, and furthermore that these items are available for sale to the United States. Mr. Palmer wonders why the money for American pavilions did not go into libraries or universities in South America. The question might better be asked why South American countries did not use their own money to help themselves rather than build such a costly bazaar to compete with American goods.

But then, look at the rest of the fair in general. The one thing that stood out, even over the commercialism, was the fact that almost no one was smiling inside the fairgrounds. Everywhere microphones blared orders, directions, and pitches at you. You were told what to stand in line for, where to stand, and even how long you would be standing. From the moment one walked through the entrance gates, one felt that George Orwell's *1984* had come true.

CATHEY PINCKNEY.
Beverly Hills, Calif.

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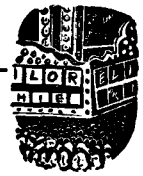

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Films at the Fair

PERHAPS the outstanding cinematic achievement of the 1939 World's Fair was the introduction of the Polaroid 3-D process. Twenty-five years ago, the fair's longest lines gathered for a ten-minute stereo glimpse at the assembly of a Chrysler car, with the parts seemingly dancing off the screen and out over the heads of the audience before swinging into place on the chassis. (Ironically, Cinerama had also been invented for presentation at that same fair, but its sponsors felt that the "World of Tomorrow" was not yet ready for it.) The accent in 1939 fell on technological innovation; the films themselves, with the sole exception of the now-classic documentary *The City*, were entirely of the hard-sell variety. They plugged the product without restraint or imagination.

At the new World's Fair, tucked into the fanciful domes, fins, and "golden rondelles" that lie scattered over a square mile in Flushing Meadow, the films more often than not are ample reward for any reasonable wait. For one thing, many of the installations are visually exciting. No longer does a single screen suffice. The IBM presentation, which begins with a "People Wall" holding more than 500 spectators, slides its audiences up into a vast, flattened dome containing perhaps two dozen screens of varied sizes and shapes—including even triangles. Du Pont uses a simplified version of the Czechoslovakian "Laterna Magika," combining a company of five "live" performers with three sliding panels that, in tandem, make up a single normal screen, but which also operate separately and in varied couplings. Saul Bass's delightful film for Eastman Kodak runs on a conventional Cinerama screen but combines normal 35mm projection with the wide-screen process to achieve simultaneously the effects of intimacy and vastness; the screen itself constantly changes shape as the image shifts from the close-up of a boy gazing at the wonders of nature to glorious vistas of the beauties that he sees. The Johnson's Wax exhibit, on the other hand, places three normal, somewhat curved screens side by side, their frames plainly visible; at times, the images are completely independent of each other (although always ideologically related), and at other times they flow together into one over-all picture that utterly ignores the separate frame lines.

Certainly the most ingenious and provocative display of films at the fair, however, is that designed by the Cinerama people for the United States Government Pavilion. It is not unlike the old "Tunnel of Love" amusement park attraction; but instead of witches and bats looming suddenly into view, the moving platforms glide the spectators, fifty at a time, past literally hundreds of screens onto which are flashed films and slides that kaleidoscopically trace the natural, social, and political history of our country—its emergence from the primordial sea to its present-day assault on the stars. Synchronized to Ray Bradbury's eloquent narration (whispered into the ear through a mechanism wired into the headrest of each individual chair), the images work impressionistically. As the narrator speaks of clearing the land, a small screen holds the close-up of axes biting into the trunk of a tree, several more have photographs of actual pioneer woodsmen, still more screens show panoramas of great timber stands, and on one—just as the car passes—a giant oak seems to crash directly down upon the spectator. The rise of the cities is depicted in the same swift, imagistic way, with more and more screens, more and more impressions as the population centers grow more clogged and congested. Screen clusters suggest the multitude of amusements that suddenly became available in the Twenties, or the complexity of the sciences in the Sixties.

Fantastic as a visual experience, the display is even more exciting intellectually as a vivid synthesis of the multifaceted background of our nation and the promise of its future. And this, happily, characterizes most of the films that are attracting the fair crowds in 1964. Du Pont apart, the gadgetry is dedicated to far more than product-plugging. The IBM unit, the concept of designer Charles Eames, combines wit with insight to convey the awesome intricacy of its computer machinery; the spectator leaves, after fifteen breathless minutes, with only the vaguest idea of how the computer operates, but with a vast respect for the human brain. For the human brain not only invented it but, as the films demonstrate, invented it in its own image.

Best of all, and deservedly the hit of the fair, is the Johnson's Wax film, *To Be Alive!* produced by two veteran documentarians, Francis Thompson and Alexander Hammid. Few films have ever captured so fully, to quote the script, "the sense of life's wonder and its joy." And few films have ever conveyed more warmly what is implicit throughout the script—the basic oneness of people everywhere. It is this sense of the importance of people that underlines the films of this World's Fair. One can only hope that they accurately prefigure the "World of Tomorrow." Gadgetry is always impressive, but in the presentation of the fair's films it has its sole justification. It is used in the service of humanity. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

18 K.

No guarantee of gold nuggets between the covers can be given for all eighteen titles below, but there is, at least, the "Midas touch" in each. Janet B. Fisher of Kerhonkson, New York, would like you to unite title and rightful owner. It pans out on page 28.

1. *The Arrow of Gold*	( )	Henry James
2. *Reflections in a Golden Eye*	( )	Lucius Apuleius
3. *The Golden Bough*	( )	Robert Payne
4. *Golden Boy*	( )	Joseph Conrad
5. *Desert Gold*	( )	George S. Kaufman & Howard Teichmann
6. *The Golden Bowl*	( )	Louis DeGouy
7. *The Solid Gold Cadillac*	( )	Clifford Odets
8. *The Golden Deed*	( )	Carson McCullers
9. *The Man with the Golden Arm*	( )	Ian Fleming
10. *The Golden Ass*	( )	James Stephens
11. *Golden Wall and Mirador*	( )	Frank Yerby
12. *Goldfinger*	( )	Agnes Sligh Turnbull
13. *The Gold of Troy*	( )	Sacheverell Sitwell
14. *The Golden Hawk*	( )	Francis T. Palgrave
15. *The Crock of Gold*	( )	Andrew Garve
16. *The Gold Cook Book*	( )	Sir James Frazer
17. *The Golden Treasury*	( )	Zane Grey
18. *The Golden Journey*	( )	Nelson Algren

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The Show That Wasn't There

THE educational television station of Michigan State University, WMSB, recently broadcast two vigorous experimental plays dealing with race relations and, as a result, found itself severely criticized by the Detroit press, its own campus newspaper, and the American Civil Liberties Union in Michigan. The criticism arose over the station's failure to broadcast a third play that the producer of the trilogy had planned to present along with the other two. The Reverend Malcolm Boyd, Episcopal chaplain at Wayne State University, wrote the three one-acters, *Study in Color*, *The Job*, and *Boy*. The first two were aired, but *Boy* was canceled after it had been video-taped by Robert Sherwood, producer-director for the ETV station. The author, a former Hollywood television producer, wrote his playlets as theatrical sermons for Detroit coffeehouses in an effort to shock the complacency of white audiences. The producer found them moving and expected station managers to like them, but he did not show them scripts in advance and they never asked for them. Armand Hunter, director of the university television station, became aware of the plays after they had been video-taped, and apparently he rejected all three as unsuitable (a conclusion I base on my talks with all the principals involved). The producer protested; the author appealed to an administrative officer of the university; and the station then decided to air *Study in Color* and *The Job* in a one-hour package including an interview with Father Boyd and a commentary by a faculty social scientist.

The first of the plays is a provocative exploration of racial attitudes by a white man and a Negro who sit on stools, wear black, white, and colored masks in turn, and grope for an understanding of each other. *The Job* is a sardonic, one-character sketch of a successful Negro baseball player who cynically exploits the "Negro angle" in his capacity as consultant for a bizarre Hollywood film epic. Both plays are fresh, vital explorations with social bite and contemporary relevance. But the commendable fact that WMSB put them on (with or without arm-twisting) has been overshadowed by the fact that *Boy* was denied a showing on the university station. In it, Cliff Frazier and Woodie King, Jr., two Negro actors, play a white customer and a black shoe-shine boy. The customer savagely humiliates the boy, who puts on a white mask after the other has gone and acts out the roles of the humiliator and an obsequious white customer. Then he removes all masks and asserts his identity with the words "I am not 'boy.'" The play is honest, uncompromising, and poignant.

Station spokesmen made conflicting statements when asked why they chose not to show *Boy*. "The words 'damn' and 'nigger,'" they said, "were in poor taste and unsuitable for TV. . . . The play was too strong, anti-white, one-sided. . . . It was a case of censorship, yes—but not in a bad sense. . . . *Boy* was the weakest of the plays. . . . The board of trustees of the university made the decision not to be editorial."

But the reasons, on and off the record, simply don't wash, and one is justified in suspecting that the buck is being passed.

THE board of trustees, I was told authoritatively, was never apprised of the problem; the station manager made the decision and his judgment was backed. Educational stations are generally supported by state funds, and program managers are reluctant to offend legislators. A university spokesman, when asked if this were the case here, said: "Hell, no! Not that many people watch the station." The argument that the play is a one-sided presentation of a controversial issue is not valid. The FCC has urged educational stations to be controversial with fairness. Balance need not be maintained mathematically in each program. "The other side" could have been presented at the same time or at another period—if the will were there. Somebody was apparently afraid of someone, and the shock of having the timidity and dissimulation come from the academic community — where freedom of expression is presumably prized —undercuts the station's presentation of the two plays that were aired.

Such an affair disappoints educational television's friends, and it sets back the creative people in the field who want desperately to have their branch of the medium step out with courage and style and become meaningful in American life. Meanwhile, if any other ETV (or commercial) station wants to help redeem this error in judgment, and at the same time get some vivid, off-beat shows free of charge, the Anti-Defamation League, B'nai Brith, 315 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, is offering film prints of all three shows.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

distinctive and unusual

Christmas Cards

The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. This year a golden Adoration of the Magi by a Flemish master, flowers by a French Impressionist, a Greek vase painting, a medieval enamel of Saint Michael, musical instruments from a Renaissance castle, a Rembrandt etching, a Colonial embroidery of birds in a cherry tree, and a Victorian skating party by Winslow Homer are among the more than fifty new designs. ☆ The cards printed by the Metropolitan Museum in limited editions cost from 5 to 75 cents each. They can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents —will be mailed about September first.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Company Way

STRATFORD, ONTARIO.

THE Stratford Shakespearean Festival of Canada has reached a dangerous point. It has developed an extremely competent company whose major actors have performed Shakespeare on this stage together from three to twelve summers. It has an administrative and technical organization that guarantees smooth, high-quality productions. And it has a director who has learned how to use the open stage more skilfully than anyone else in the business. As if this were not enough, the company's spring visit to England's Chichester Festival Theater elicited greater and more unanimous praise from the critics than had the same productions here.

The present festival, which offers *King Lear*, *Richard II*, Molière's *The Bourgeois Gentleman*, and Wycherley's *The Country Wife*, is running a close second at the box office to the record 1962 season, in which Christopher Plummer gave us his great Cyrano and his controversial Macbeth. And perhaps its most astounding aspect is that *King Lear* is sold out for the remainder of the season that ends October 3. For it follows hard upon both the distinguished Lear by Morris Carnovsky in Connecticut last summer and Peter Brook's brilliantly modern *Lear* with Paul Scofield that visited North America in May.

These considerations bother the local Shakespearegoer not at all. Nor do they give pause to Mr. Colicos, who, as Lear, wisely wastes little of his energy on simulating age and physical infirmity. Rather, he shows us a man who "hath ever but slenderly known himself," and whose need for psychiatry is instantly made clear by the contrast he makes with Martha Henry's psychologically healthy Cordelia. As he proceeds on his therapeutic odyssey, he seems almost entirely concerned with his guilt in having wronged Cordelia and blames his two other daughters more for having led him to disinherit their sister than for their ungrateful treatment of him. While Mr. Colicos's performance is lyrical and intelligent, his apparent eagerness to suffer and to go mad diminishes the role. Where Scofield's reverberations revealed a storm that tore apart his total universe, Mr. Colicos's loud growling shows us the discomfort of being caught out in the rain. And his subsequent madness is simply an uninteresting extension of his chronic indulgence in self-pity.

Fortunately director Michael Langham has worked hard on creating the activity around Lear. His notion of a drunken, spoiled Edgar works so well in the early scenes that Douglas Rain gets a hand on his first exit. Similarly, Bruno Gerussi's Edmund is less a Machiavelli than a man with a justifiable, deep-seated grudge against a world that would make him a second-class citizen. The introduction of primitively clad maids forced to drink and be seduced by Lear's followers not only illustrates what Goneril is beefing about but also makes this the sexiest *King Lear* extant. And there is a nice Chekhovian moment as the King's rage abates in sleep upon the heath.

Does the production go a bit too far with effects like a real campfire, the dropping with a crash of iron gates to make more ominous the putting out of Gloucester's eyes, and bringing in the dead Cordelia with the marks of the rope visible on her neck? Perhaps. But the public loves it. And even the most jaded critic must admire such subtle treats as Cordelia's light-footed entrance when she and her soldiers patter in like gentle rain to relieve the overheated situation, and the lovely mood created for Cordelia's waking of her father. Indeed, the most perplexing thing is that such an attractive and intelligent telling of a tale from Shakspeare can absorb our attention as intermittently as this one does.

AS his parting shot before taking a well-earned sabbatical, Mr. Langham has also had a go at presenting *The Country Wife*. This Restoration comedy begins with much elegance and style. As Horner, seemingly concerned only with the number of sexual conquests he can achieve by the stratagem of having himself reported a eunuch, John Colicos emphasizes affectation and anxiously pushes the epigrams at us as if he were more interested in one-upmanship than in the truth of what he is saying. William Hutt's Sparkish evokes laugh after laugh with his foppish antics and silly tittering. And Helen Burns's Margery Pinchwife commences as a broad parody of country-bred naïveté. Thus the first portion of this production is an uneven and unsure searching for some way to perform the old comedy and at the same time hold the audience.

However, from the moment Mr. Langham manufactures a moody transition to a London street scene, the intrigue slips into gear. Miss Burns's clowning becomes more compelling as, disguised as a boy, she forgetfully curtsies and forlornly suffers the embarrassment of her *faux pas*. Her eagerness to be locked up after she has tricked her husband into taking the wrong letter to her lover is an example of comic punctuation at its finest. And one is especially amused by the second letter-writing scene, in which Miss Burns keeps blunting her quill and looking at it without realizing that it is the ardor of her illicit feelings for "Dear, Dear, Mr. Horner" that has been released into her bearing down too hard on the words "I *won't*."

Mr. Langham also introduces a marvelous comic device to get great fun out of the gallant who comes disguised as a parson, by furnishing him with choir boys he can lead with exaggerated serenity in hymn-singing, while his quarry frustrates herself trying to expose his subterfuge. While the bawdy *double-entendre* of the sequence in which the ladies rifle Horner of his "China" is less convulsively funny than it might have been, the play's final scenes have a mounting harmony and warm charm. Thus, while this production doesn't make Wycherley's complicated dialogue into much more than showy prattle, it does make the action diverting and pleasant.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

ANOTHER approach to *The Country Wife* is currently playing at Memphis's Front Street Theater. Here director Carl M. Weber has keyed his production to the realism of Hogarth's drawings and has eschewed refined elegance of manner as probably coming later in English history than 1675, when this play was first performed. From the beginning this production has tough-minded conviction and unevasive, bawdy humor. Paxton Whitehead makes a superbly practical and plain-dealing Horner who enjoys both the vigor of the chase and the discovery of the social hypocrisies and ironies his successes reveal. And Kathy Justice, fresh out of Carnegie Tech's Drama Department, gives us a fetchingly uninhibited Margery. Her expression when Horner takes a lollipop from her mouth, gives her her first good kiss, and then replaces the lollipop is deliciously droll.

Not all of the production is so entertaining, but we identify ourselves with these characters and are challenged as well as amused by what they say. It will take time for Mr. Weber to develop a corps of actors that is fully proficient in his Brechtian approach. Yet the new values emerging in this production suggest that it will be very much worth doing.

—HENRY HEWES.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 6, 10, 13, 1, 7, 16, 4, 2, 12, 15, 14, 18, 11, 17, 8, 3, 5, 9.

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The Rover Boy at St. Tropez

ART and culture, as those who have followed the story thus far well know, suffuse virtually every cranny of the Côte d'Azur. And then, on the other hand, there is the celebrated station of fun and games called St. Tropez.

Having been there only fleetingly ten years ago en route to the Ile du Levant (celebrated nest of the wearers of Le Minimum) and once in the fall when the chill winds were already blowing, I had no way of confirming, as writers have been so eager to assure me, that it is the archdiocese of the dissolute.

The morning dawned bright and clear as it never seemed to fail to at Cap d'Antibes when I was there recently, and I was inspired to take a mid-season look. I brushed the last flake of the morning's croissant from my lap, found, quite by chance, the proper gear on the French car I had hired from Hertz, spun around the sharp corner in front of Jack Warner's place at Cap d'Antibes, rolled down to Juan-les-Pins, past the crossroads where three sidewalk cafés glare at each other from three corners, came through Golfe-Juan where Napoleon had landed after Elba, and fetched up along the Croisette at Cannes.

Cannes seemed in order. The Carlton and the Martinez were in place, and the first apéritif sippers were already in their chairs at Félix's Blue Bar. I swung inland to the Rue d'Antibes, a splendid and largely unheralded thoroughfare of shops, then headed inland again, probing for the turnpike. When I found it, the whole system seemed to have been lifted bodily from the New Jersey Turnpike. You were handed a ticket at the first booth and you paid at the booth when you left. All that was different was the scenery, for as we rolled around the Estérel the piny mountains were unimpaired by any exhortation to swill somebody's soda pop or to put vitamins in the engine with somebody's gasoline. There were only the hills and the trees, the red earth and us. We came down probing for the sea at Fréjus, that ancient village founded by Caesar in 49 B.C. and devastated on an early December night in 1959 when the Malpasset dam broke and swamped the lower town in death and ruin.

From Fréjus the road follows the shore like a private eye, seeking every curve and indentation. The atmosphere is quite different from that of the Riviera to the east. There is no frenzy and little lacquer. The village people who once huddled in the hilltop villages safe from the sea raiders have now come down to the littoral. The fishing villages that were once so tenuously established have spread into resorts and reserves dotted with villas. Despite its recent tragedy, Fréjus is offering real estate for development, and the tiny ports like St. Aygulf, Val d'Esquières, La Nartelle, and that summer sanctuary of English family life, Ste. Maxime, have developed a faithful following for those who eagerly avoid the Cannes-and-casino way of life.

St. Tropez is something else again. Although it was named for a saint whose mystical arrival here is firmly established among local legends, there is very little that is saintly or even familial about it. Tropez was a centurion, leader of a company of 100 Romans, who, when he revealed his Christianity, was separated from his head, which was placed in a boat beside him. With a dog and a rooster for company, the gory remains were set adrift. The boat came to shore in the Gulf of St. Tropez. Neither dog nor rooster had touched the body and Tropez became a saint, an event revered to this day in a noisy mid-May ceremony marked by volleys from blunderbusses and an answering barrage from the boats assembled in the harbor. Some of this ceremony is interwoven with legends from the years when St. Tropez was a republic and spent much of its time fighting for its honor. In any case, the villagers who fire the ancient muskets wear white trousers, red and blue jackets, and, as English author Archibald Lyall has described it, "a kind of fore and aft affair, halfway between an Iraqi cap and a fisherman's bonnet."

"I know, Mr. Pomeroy. My teeth are as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, whereof everyone beareth twins. I've been told that lots of times."

It is safe to say that none of these *bravadeurs*, even if they wore their costume in a time of year far removed from *La Bravade* season, would be likely to stir much notice along the port. St. Tropez has become so renowned for eccentric dress that sitting in the cafés along the quays and watching the fashion show is part of the daily regimen among its devotees. There is the beach where one plays during the sunlit hours in summer, and there are the port and the town where one passes the early hours and the late ones.

The port is lined with buildings of a certain age and a certain faded color. For all that, it could be Villefranche, or Portofino, or Procida in the Tyrrhenian Sea. But the ground floors of the old houses have been transformed into cafés, each one popular at a different time of day, and between them a number of shops dispensing the latest in high fashion of St. Tropez. Most shops have outdoor counters shaded by broad awnings. Running the rim of the port is a forest of yachts, parked stern first, their masts making a maze of ropes and guy lines against the otherwise uncomplicated azure sky. A ribbon of road separates the yachts and the shops and cafés, and it is here that all St. Tropez comes to promenade and display its bizarre fashions, bushy beards, and broad expanses of unshielded epidermis.

Trousers, worn alike by both major sexes and varying gradations in between, are low and underslung, in imminent prospect of surrendering to gravitational pull. They may be white slim-fit Levis imported from the U.S. or custom-made stretch pants, or the new red slacks which Vachon on the port at St. Trop is making this year for men. The shop called Girard is showing beach towels emblazoned with "Florida" and others printed with a checkerboard that comes equipped with a bag of checkers. There are white sailor hats with red pompons

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for women and "St. Tropez" printed on the hatband at Girard's and raw silk cheongsams with high mandarin collars at Vachon. And everyone is showing filmy hip-length jackets as thin as gauze to wear over the bikini. Basque shirts, the striped boat-neck standby still affected by fishermen, are on view here, although the designers have made wild Gallic stabs at the Ivy League's button-downs and multibuttoned and beflapped shirts of the American West. For brisk breezes on board yachts there is the double-breasted safari jacket.

This, mark you, is the vogue for the local gentry. But add to it the German tourists who appear in undershirts, khaki shorts, street shoes and socks and a straw hat, American ladies in flowered prints, sensible shoes, and a straw hat planted with flowers and tied under the chin, and middle-class English tourists with collapsible prams full of kids and the whole parade makes for a dizzying show probably not meant for human contemplation.

St. Tropez is a dead end. The port and the old town behind it lie on a crook of land that helps to embrace the deep U of the Golfe de St. Tropez. The beaches, however, are flush on the Mediterranean, and to get to them one must drive along the winding country lanes, through the vineyards and the pines to the seaside of the large cape. The shore lands have adopted names from the exotic corners of the world according to their vogue. There is the cove of Pamplona, named for the Spanish town where the bulls run, a place of popular excursion in the time that Hemingway wrote *The Sun Also Rises*. Today's most popular beach, especially with the film set, is the Plage de Tahiti, and its neighboring strip called Mooréa.

The decorative theme of Tahiti Beach has somehow got confused with frontier villages of the northlands of the early 1800s. The buildings are all made of logs housing a boutique branch of Vachon, a bowling alley, and even a hairdresser which has covered *its* log cabin with a thatched roof. Abe Lincoln in Samoa with hair dryers inside. Growling tikis, a popular identifying symbol of the Pacific islands, have been planted among the rows of bright orange beach chairs that were inhabited, when I was there, by Charles Aznavour, a diminutive man with a large hat and a huge reputation for crooning love songs, by Jane Fonda, who is infinitely more celebrated in France than in her homeland, and by Jane's friend, Roger Vadim, former husband of Brigitte Bardot. Brigitte, who had just turned thirty, an event marked with considerable exposure by the magazine *Marie-Claire*, was snug in her villa at St. Tropez making her house guest feel at home. There was word that she might even marry him.

A more sedate watering hole, and there are some people with sedate tastes in St. Tropez, is Epi Plage, which has such refinements as a blue mosaic pool, two tennis courts, and a small piano and antique chairs in the bar. On summer afternoons 300 steaks will sizzle on the giant barbecue to be served to diners assembled at large tables made of the keels of Dutch canal boats. Unlike Tahiti Plage, which has a small inn, Epi has lockers and change rooms and an ambiance not quite so theatrical.

It was the theatrical crowd, which followed the writers and the artists to St. Tropez, that gave the resort its celebrity and its particular brand of culture, if that's what it is. The first visitor of note was Guy de Maupassant, who came in his yacht in the late 1800s before St. Tropez had a road. Signac came in 1892, followed by Bonnard and Matisse. Colette led the writers to town, establishing her own residence on the Baie des Cannebiers in 1923. She lived there until 1936. By that time Chevalier had found it, too, and he led in a parade of stars.

THERE is a popular regimen for the summer people here which begins at noon with breakfast at Le Gorille, a sidewalk café on the port, then off to the beach until 4:30 or 5. The migratory birds return to the port then, and take up positions in the chairs at Senequier for a cold drink after the warm ride. Refreshed, they set off shopping, looking in at Vachon, at Girard's, and at Choses to find some new costume. At 8 P.M. there is a general reassembly, this time at L'Escale, another sidewalk café on the port. Dinner is considered at 9:30, either in one of the town restaurants—Mouscardins, at the end of the port, gets two stars from Michelin—or, if the crowds are too thick in town, at one of the *auberges* in the nearby communities. After dinner there is a choice of L'Esquinade, Licorne, or the Club St. Hilaire at Ste. Maxime, which might stay open until five. The last stop is Le Gorille for coffee and croissants, then to bed or to a mat on the beach.

Far down the road that leads back to civilization is a lovely retreat called the Résidence de la Pinède. In a grove of pines, with its feet in the sea, the Résidence has been decorated in delightful taste, the carved bar resting on marble floors, the dining terrace walled in glass with expansive views of the sea. Past the pebbled garden of pines is an old tower refitted with a room on each floor, costing $38 a day for two with two meals. A quiet beach runs along the hotel's park. Sailboats and waterskiers skim the blue. The late-afternoon sun beams warmly on St. Tropez far down the shoreline. At arm's length it looks like the soul of tranquility.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Editorial

Continued from page 24

their currencies and their balance of payments. Such shortsighted mutterings are heard regularly in the inner sanctums of Washington, even as we intensify our own national efforts to bring more foreign visitors and their currencies to our own shores. Thus far, wiser counsels have prevailed with the sound view that U.S. tourist expenditures abroad—despite our so-called travel gap of $1.6 billion last year—more than made up this deficit by financing the purchase of other goods and services in this country for the foreign host economies.

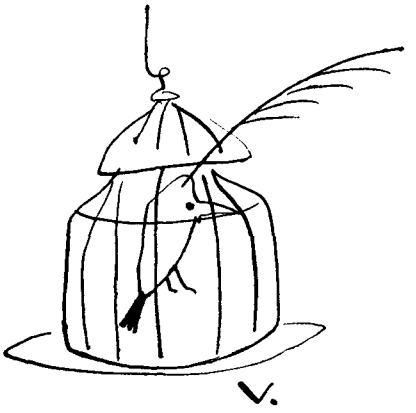
In this dawning era of two-way travel and unparalleled freedom of movement, it is distressing, if not appalling, that governments which frown on the gouging of tourists by private entrepreneurs should not hesitate to extract their own mite through miserable "head" taxes on international travelers. If the tourist is not the political pawn of governments, as the United Nations has so eloquently stated, then neither should he be a fiscal pigeon for astigmatic ministries unable or unwilling to see that their long-term national interest is poorly served by discriminatory taxes levied against tourists.

World tourism is too important to suffer in silence this kind of petty, crippling harassment much longer.

The 1975 forecast for foreign travel by Americans shows 30,000,000 Americans journeying abroad and spending $7 billion in the process. Total global travel could then grow to $18 billion in international trade. This, therefore, is the time not to inhibit but to liberate tourism.

Let the friends of travel, in industry and in government, not only speak but also act in defense of an inalienable historic right that is one of mankind's most precious freedoms as well as a mighty economic force for helping build the great society our government and others envision here and abroad.

—WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.



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LITERARY HORIZONS

Window on an Inner Wilderness

31 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "The Edge of the Woods," by Heather Ross Miller

32 The Publishing Scene, by David Dempsey

33 War on Poverty, by Hubert H. Humphrey

34 Old Myths and New Realities, by J. W. Fulbright

36 The Love Song of Mara Lumera, by Alberto Denti di Pirajno

41 A Mother's Kisses, by Bruce Jay Friedman

42 Scented Gardens for the Blind, by Janet Frame

43 European Commuter, by Willi Frischauer

44 Books for Young People, by Alice Dalgliesh

46 Checklist of the Week's New Books

FLANNERY O'CONNOR has said that Southern writers have an advantage because there is in the South a tradition of storytelling that has largely died out in the North. "We don't discuss problems," she says; "we tell stories." I suspect that this is not so much a matter of South versus North as it is a matter of rural areas versus urban areas. In the small towns of the Northeast that I know, lots of stories are told and a good storyteller is much admired.

However that may be, the South has given us a disproportionately large number of young men and women who know how to tell a story. The newest addition to the list is Heather Ross Miller, who was born in North Carolina in 1939 and has just written *The Edge of the Woods* (Atheneum, $3.50). It is possible that Randall Jarrell, under whom she studied at the University of North Carolina in Greensboro, may have helped her to achieve the narrative skill she displays, but she obviously learned a lot in Uwharrie County.

The novelette – for that is what it really is – is the story of Anna Marie Wade, now Anna Marie Lanier, and the story develops on two levels of time. We see Anna Marie as a child living with her grandparents, and we also see her as a young woman, recreating her childhood for her husband. What we soon gather is that this is no idle reminiscence but a search for catharsis. There is something in Anna Marie's past that robs her of the satisfaction she ought to take in her husband and child, and she wants to come to terms with it.

In writing about the past, Mrs. Miller often falls into an unabashed lyricism:

> I have dreamed a lot. And more than once I have dreamed this dream of being again a child with a small, sure body, golden from the sun of my grandfather's farm, a child sweet and taut as a new grape, a bud yet to be unfolded. It is like a bank of white cloud coming in swiftly across a grain field. The grain bends with the shadow of my cloud as under the weight of a great sickle. Then the cloud separates before the sun, wears itself apart before a solemn mask of flame, and disappears, thread by milky thread, into the empty sky.

Much of the story has a kind of dream quality, but the central characters are sharply defined. In particular there is Paw Paw, a hard-working farmer, harsh, stubborn, hot-tempered, yet often kind in his rough way to his grandchildren. Anna Marie sums him up:

> He was a stingy old man with a soul of tempered steel, forged and pressed out of the Southern wilderness, born unwillingly to a life of proud poverty where his heat of mind and proneness to anger were his only inalienable rights, his only pursuit of happiness.

Paw Paw dominates the book, as he should, for it is he who performs the

action that blights Anna Marie's life. His fatal deed surprises us, and yet, looking back, we realize how true it is to his character.

Mrs. Miller moves easily between past and present. Speaking of her state of mind, the older Anna Marie is not specific, but the reader feels her uneasiness. Her husband, who is a forest ranger, believes that the wilderness will be good for her. At one point, when they are out on a lake, he asks her, "Don't you think you can maybe stand it a little longer, honey?"

> I nod my head and smile. He is speaking of the wilderness, of the immense waste of forest and hill that I feel is going to close down upon me at some moments. You read about haunted houses, but I know of a haunted land. I know that it is my own

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fault, but I cannot help myself, especially in the long afternoons, when a certain light falls over the forest and the birds hush up for a while. It is then that I stand at my window and peer into the wilderness and listen for something that I couldn't even recognize should I hear it.

Again she writes:

> Having a baby should have made me complete, forced me to maturity, and put me in line with the world again. Instead it only made me more aware of my illness. The elaborate little escape that I had built around Mark collapsed like a paper horse before the wind.

Apparently telling her story does not cure her "illness," for at the end she says: "And me, Anna Marie, I am still a nothing, a useless toy made out of wax, pliable, impressionable, vulnerable to the sun and the rain." Yet perhaps one is to believe that steps have been taken towards recovery.

As quotations have made clear, Mrs. Miller's prose is rich in images. Indeed, I can think of no other contemporary novelist, except John Updike, who relies so heavily on figures of speech. Compared with Updike's apparent spontaneity, Mrs. Miller's use of imagery sometimes seems labored and sometimes excessive. Take this passage, for instance:

> Black flies bump against the screen and the chickens chuckle in the hedge outside. The pumpkin-colored cats, some with tails of tabby or black, are dozing on the broken stone steps. A green lizard runs out upon the gutter spout, pausing to lick out his thread of tongue. He turns to stone. A fossil of the sun and deep shade. A small jade trinket against a foil of shingles.

Even in such a passage, however, the author does get the effect she wants, and in general her imagery is fresh and vivid. Speaking of Paw Paw, she describes "the clump of white hairs that sprouted from a mole on his chin quivering like thistles in dew." Telling how her grandmother sometimes cried out in her sleep, she says, "After a few seconds of trembling silence, the dark crevice would slowly close up and we would fall asleep once more, our hearts fluttering, as giddy as paper fans."

Miss O'Connor has said that Southern writers have another advantage in that they are more likely than Northern writers to have been brought up on the Bible. Obviously the Bible is part of Mrs. Miller's heritage, for she frequently quotes from it, and one sometimes feels the rhythms of the King James version. She has remarkable gifts for so young a writer, and we can expect much from her. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

THE PUBLISHING SCENE

How Not to Read a Book

FEW ORDINARY readers realize the occupational hazards of book reviewing. Let me mention the most common: literary adhesions. This is as prevalent among critics as ulcers in the advertising profession. Symptom—inability to detach one's hands from the book under review. "It was impossible to put down," complained Critic Y. An advanced case. By comparison, Critic X gives the reader an outside chance. "*I* could not put the book down," he wrote. Critic Z's condition is serious, but not hopeless: "Once I started it, it was very difficult to lay it down." Obviously, Z put up a fight. But what are we to say of W? "It isn't easy to put down," he reported. I like the forthright attitude of Critic Q, who takes no responsibility at all for what happens to him and regards a book as a sort of virus infection. "Gets hold of the reader and won't let go."

There is the critic who, instead of finding the book stuck in his hands, finds *himself* stuck to the chair. Let me give an example. A few years ago one of my favorite reviewers sat down to read a novel about the sea. From what I have been able to deduce, he noticed an odd tingling in his spine about halfway through the book. He broke into a cold sweat, tried to stand up, but found he could not do so. He read on and tried to rise again. No dice. This must have been humiliating, but Critic tells us that he went bravely on until he finished. "[It] kept me tightly glued to my chair from beginning to end" was all he could write of the harrowing experience. At least, this is all that was quoted in an ad for the book.

There is the well-known case of a reviewer for the London *Daily Telegraph*, obviously a newspaper that screens its employees for physical fitness. This man reads standing up. "Kept me on my toes until the final chapter," he reported recently. The insomniac reviewer is characterized by an abnormal awareness of the actual moment when he retired. "Kept me out of bed until 2:30 a.m.," complained a New York critic of one recent book. His record is topped by half an hour in London. "Kept me out of bed until 3:00 a.m.," a *Daily Express* reviewer told his readers. Amateurs have done even better. A local publisher appeared at his office one morning after a sleepless night with a competitor's novel. "I literally stayed up until dawn to finish it," he said, in a statement widely quoted in advertisements. Treatment was begun promptly by advising the patient to stick to his own authors.

I am fairly optimistic about reviewers who suffer from delusions of place—those who are constantly being "carried away." They are usually carried back by some other book. Not long ago a critic for one of our syndicates imagined himself to be living in Ordeal, Miss. What is disturbing about this—to me anyway—is that there is no Ordeal, Miss. Apparently, this is how it happened: sometime during the course of reading the book Critic began to have an odd floating sensation. No longer stuck to his chair, beyond the toe-stance position, he was truly in motion. Keeping notes, he jotted down, "The reader feels he . . . is now living in Ordeal, Miss." He called his wife, who had not read the book and was, therefore, still on their Connecticut farm. I reconstruct the following conversation:

Critic: Gad, it's hot tonight.
Wife: Why don't you open the window?
Critic: Those cries — shouts — I can't bear them.
Wife: I don't hear anything except Mr. Budgett's roosters. He turns those hen house lights on at midnight to wake up the chickens.
Critic: They're lynching a man out there. Listen to those milling crowds. . . . Why did we ever pick Ordeal?
Wife: Ordeal, where's that?
Critic: Damn, Missy! Mississippi. Where do you think you are?
Wife: Good heavens! You've had another spell. You've been *carried away!* [Her italics.] Shall I call the doctor?
Critic (moaning): He wouldn't come out on a night like this.
Wife: The last time this happened, he pulled you out in no time. Remember? He prescribed "The Best Poets of New Jersey, 1961."
Critic (running his hand across his eyes): Yes. . . . I see now. How ridiculous. I guess I *was* carried away. [His italics.]

Critic responded to treatment.

Sometimes a man will simply find himself "swept up." This happened to Senator Hubert Humphrey when he read Emmet John Hughes's *Ordeal of*

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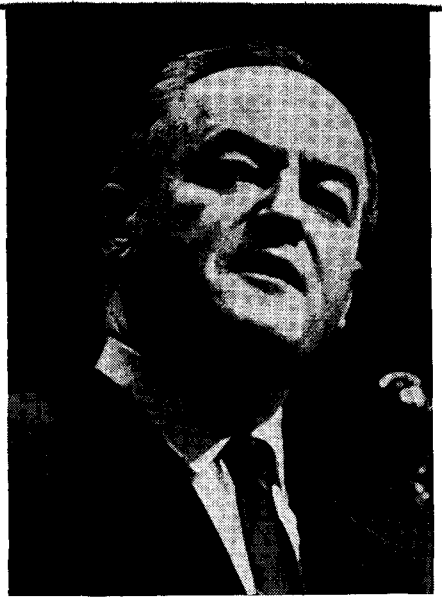

—Pix.

Hubert Humphrey—"bold measures."

Power. Since Humphrey is not a professional reviewer, he may be forgiven. Not so A. J. Cronin. Reading James Drawbell's autobiography, he came away reeling. "It staggered me," he declared. These are men for whom reading a book means loss of motor control. A reviewer for one of the wire services had an alarming experience while tackling a study of mountain climbing. "It had my head spinning," was all he could mumble, dazedly. A similar case of vertigo overcame a California critic in the presence of a novel about a bellhop. "I feel dizzy," he announced.

There are numerous minor afflictions that need not concern us at length—compulsive enjoyment ("I laughed so much tears came to my eyes and I had to stop"), pain ("I felt as if I had been run over by a truck"), and itchiness ("induces a skin-crawling tension"); and although I feel sorry for the man on the Gary (Ind.) *Post Tribune* with reviewer's scalp ("You won't be able to comb your hair after reading this one"), it is nothing compared to the dreaded complications of Cheyne-Stokes breathing.

This malady is almost entirely confined to British critics. Nineteen sixty-two was a particularly bad year—"the winter of the gasping critics" it will someday be known as in the annals of medicine. Within a few months four of England's outstanding reviewers were laid low. Initial complaint: "Breath-stopping excitement." One of them was pronounced dead on arrival after he had been carried to the first-aid room of his newspaper, the only clue to his demise being a scribbled note saying, "I found myself putting it down almost literally to get my breath."

There is a lesson in this for all of us. Keep an inhalator on hand for reading mysteries. Avoid books that have given the reviewer so much trouble. Finally, avoid reviewers who substitute kinesthesia for esthetics.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

Plan Today for a Richer Tomorrow

War on Poverty, *by Hubert H. Humphrey (McGraw-Hill. 206 pp. $4.95), appeals to the self-interest of all Americans to alleviate the intolerable conditions endured by one-fifth of the nation. Henry David, who heads the Office of Science Resources Planning of the National Science Foundation, was formerly president of the New School for Social Research in New York City.*

By HENRY DAVID

"POVERTY," writes Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, is everyone's business. We are an interdependent society. Poverty is an infectious disease that can contaminate everyone. If for no other reason, those who have wealth and power today should remember how transitory riches and influence can be, and should lend their minds and hearts to the cause of eradicating poverty in America."

Poverty *should* be "everyone's business." Unhappily, it is not, as Senator Humphrey's book makes abundantly clear. It may well be that most of his fellow citizens are inclined to regard problems of poverty as somebody else's business. To those whose posture is one of distance and indifference, *War on Poverty* is to be warmly recommended. It is designed not for the student but for the layman who can be moved to understanding and involvement. It is infused with a sense of the relationship of individual morality to human needs and social responsibility. It ties self-interest to a concern with one's fellow men. ("As rich as we are," writes Senator Humphrey, "we cannot afford the waste of slums, the drag on the economy that stems from unemployment and rising welfare costs, the crime, the disease and vice that are the by-products of poverty.") It is nontechnical and programmatic in statement, and direct and quiet in utterance. It represents poverty as a challenge which the nation's "economic resources and brain power" can meet, and it sees a planned, concerted, and forceful response to that challenge as a means for realizing the American Dream—"the hope for a bright new society."

The bald facts about poverty in the United States have been receiving ever wider circulation in the past three years. The signs are few, however, that the massive dimensions, complexity, and difficulties of the human problems which they symbolize are perceived with sympathetic and informed understanding by most Americans. One wonders about the volume and contents of the mail received by members of the House and the Senate as a result of President Johnson's declaration of "unconditional war" on poverty in his message to the Congress of March 16 of this year. The collective conscience of the wealthiest society in the world is yet to be sorely troubled by the number of its poor and the character of the lives they lead—lives marked, as Senator Humphrey emphasizes, not only by insufficiencies of "food, shelter, and clothing," but also by "shame, misery, and degradation." Senator Humphrey has good reason to ask: "How can we continue to keep 35 million of our fellow citizens beyond the boundaries of even a minimum existence?"

If an annual money income of less than $3,000 is used as a measure of poverty, in 1963 about one out of every five families in the United States – or 9.3 million families – could be counted as poor. About one out of every nine families—or 5.4 million—had annual incomes of less than $2,000 in that year. Obviously, a higher annual income cut-off point would mean a substantially larger population counted as poor. For many families, poverty tends to be an inherited status in the sense that it imposes conditions of life upon the young which increase the chances that they will fall into a low-income group when they become adults. It is enormously important, therefore, that almost three-fifths, or about 20 million, of the more than 35 million poor in 1963, were children. In the families with annual incomes of less than $2,000, there were 8 million children.

The face of poverty that Senator Humphrey sketches should by now be familiar. So, too, should the interplay on which he touches between low income and such critical factors as education, race, ethnic characteristics, age, employment, health, and location. Measured in terms of dollar income, the most extreme poverty is found in the country's rural areas. Measured by the number of the poor, it is primarily an urban problem. Not far from three out of five of those counted as poor are living in metropolitan areas. While the vast majority of the poor are white,

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poverty is most heavily concentrated in the nonwhite population, almost all of which, of course, is Negro. Half of the nonwhite families in the nation had annual incomes of less than $3,000 in 1963. Senator Humphrey stresses the association between poverty and racial and ethnic discrimination and the consequent denial of equality of opportunity in education, employment, and housing to Negroes and Mexican Americans. In his eyes, the interrelated "issues of poverty and civil rights" constitute "the central moral problem of our time."

For Senator Humphrey it is clear that the war on poverty must be pressed simultaneously on many fronts if it is to be at all successful, and he is no doctrinaire with respect either to short-term tactics or long-range strategy. He conceives of the great variety of policies and actions that could be invoked as instruments for "investing in America's future." He believes firmly in the promise of ambitious programs of regional development, and confesses that he has "never been able to understand" why the concept and lessons of TVA have not been widely applied "to carry on regional rehabilitation elsewhere." He finds existing programs for the redevelopment of distressed areas sorely inadequate, and stresses that the United States "might well profit from the World Bank's experience and give consideration to establishing some sort of domestic investment bank to function in our distressed areas in much the same way the World Bank operates abroad."

He calls for bold measures to reconstruct the basic terms of urban living through coordinated, cooperative efforts involving the private sector and all three levels of government. He would extend and strengthen present measures designed to relieve rural poverty, find ways of encouraging industrial development in distressed rural areas, and have the farm cooperatives assume a more positive role in programs for improving the incomes of small farmers. He views current problems of unemployment as the products of both inadequate aggregate demands and of structural changes in the economy, and would make the creation of new job opportunities a primary concern of both government and business.

He would vastly increase the national investment in education at all levels and in programs of training and retraining. He would seize upon the prospects of reduced expenditures for defense as an opportunity to provide resources of knowledge, skill, and money for protecting the nation against the economic and social ills that threaten its security.

Senator Humphrey holds that "one of the great opportunities of man's history" is "the elimination of poverty from American society." His purpose is more to indicate how many weapons are now at hand or could readily be fashioned to conduct an all-out attack upon poverty than to argue their particular merits or assess their probable effectiveness. He knows that the war on poverty will be long and arduous. He is aware that if it is to be won there will be required a sense of collective will, imagination, and courage that is now lacking.

> The forces which direct our destiny remain blind and frightening only if we refuse to open our eyes and exert our own strength in control. The deepest concern of America is not only for its poor but for all its people; not only for the economic problems of the moment, but for life in all its dimensions and the possibilities of a richer life in the future. For the problems of the future as seen and known *now*, are our problems. The war on poverty will not be truly won until we determine that poverty must be replaced not by barely tolerable conditions, but by an abundant life.

Global Goblins and Good Fairies

Old Myths and New Realities, *by J. W. Fulbright (Random House. 147 pp. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback $1.45), advocates a great increase in East-West communication and cultural exchange, and an unremitting effort to build upon the joint Soviet-American interest in limiting the nuclear arms race. Richard P. Stebbins is the author of "The United States in World Affairs, 1963."*

By RICHARD P. STEBBINS

SINCE the time of Socrates the discussion of public affairs has reflected the interplay of two opposed psychologies and intellectual attitudes. On one side has been the concerned philosopher-citizen who, rejecting all ready-made ideologies, insists on undertaking his personal search for truth even though it involve him in the thinking of "unthinkable thoughts." Perpetually ranged against him have been the legions of the "tough-minded" and the inwardly insecure. Dismayed by any tampering with the accepted public mythology, the latter seek to vindicate their own romanticized view of the world by loud reiterations aimed as much at convincing themselves as at drowning out the doubters.

—*Wide World.*

Senator J. W. Fulbright—"entirely new patterns of international relations . . ."

We need not search our memories to discover recent examples of both these attitudes, and of the largely irreconcilable theories of world affairs with which they have become identified. In his imagined world of heroes and monsters, the ideological standpatter remains transfixed by the notion of an undifferentiated, immutably hostile something known as "Communism," which is forever snapping at our heels and thirsting for our blood. "Communism," in this largely mythological world, is the archenemy. Whatever injures it is good; whatever benefits it is damnable, even where it seems to benefit us as well.

Those who reject this simplified picture do not, as a rule, ignore the abundant factual evidence of Communist hostility to the United States and its purposes. But neither do they exclude the possibility of constructive developments occurring both within the Communist camp and on the international plane. Encouraged by the far-reaching changes that have actually taken place in international relations within the past decade, they urge us not to slam the door on a continuing evolution that could further mitigate cold war antagonisms. To persist in an attitude of blind enmity, they tell us, is the surest way to confirm our adversaries' hostility and aggravate the overwhelming dangers of the arms race. They urge that, without relaxing our vigilance, we encourage

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positive trends within the Soviet bloc and profit by any easing of tensions to try to overcome some of the deep-seated weaknesses in our own society and elsewhere in the free world.

It was President Kennedy, in his 1963 commencement address at American University, who first urged a serious re-examination of American attitudes toward the cold war. Senator Fulbright's readable little book, an expansion of his widely publicized addresses to senatorial and other audiences in recent months, continues the critical reappraisal of "old myths and new realities." To this undertaking the Arkansas Senator brings the wisdom of long experience in foreign affairs as well as the prestige of his position as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Deserving of respectful attention at any time, his comments are doubly apposite at a moment when expressions of a more rigid viewpoint have raised world-wide doubts about Americans' political maturity.

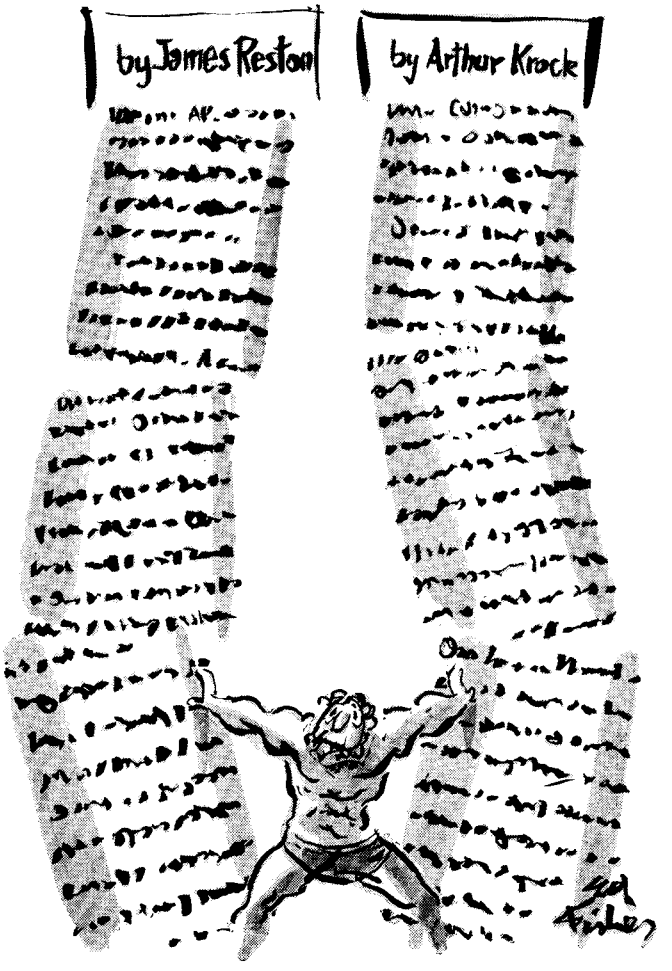
To bridge the gap "between the world as it is and the world as men perceive it," Senator Fulbright points out, is an unending task. Americans are by nature too inclined to convert political into moral issues, he feels; and this national predisposition has been heightened by the cold war, which has involved us in immense and wasteful expenditures, diverted attention from pressing internal needs, and increasingly degraded the whole tone of American life. A readjustment of national priorities is overdue, in Mr. Fulbright's opinion; and he further suggests that with the recent slackening of tension between Washington and Moscow, "the prevailing conditions of our foreign relations are favorable to a refocusing of our efforts on problems here at home."

Anyone who talks about an amelioration of East-West relations runs considerable risk of being misunderstood by the superficial and charged with naïveté or worse by those of more inflexible temper. On the whole, Senator Fulbright's argument is carefully hedged against such hazards. He does not assert that the Kremlin has actually modified its hostile designs, but only that it may do so and that it is up to us to avoid the kind of intransigent posturing that would certainly forestall such changes. "There is little in history to justify the expectation that we can either win the cold war or end it immediately and completely," he emphasizes. "These are favored myths, respectively, of the American right and of the American left . . . equal in their unreality and in their disregard for the feasibilities of history." What is essential, Senator Fulbright maintains, is simply to "seek ways of making the world reasonably safe for the continuing contest between those who favor democracy and those who oppose it."

With all his caution, however, the Senator at times gives the impression of one who tends to overestimate the prospect of an early improvement in relations with the Communist countries —particularly with China, where he suggests that "a new generation of leaders in Peking and Taipei may put a quiet end to the Chinese civil war, opening the possibility of entirely new patterns of international relations in the Far East." In his preoccupation with the outmoded cold war mythology still flourishing in the United States, the author may have failed to remind himself that comparable "old myths" are even more firmly rooted in the Communist world. When he suggests that our quarrel is not with Communism in the USSR but only with Communist imperialism outside the Soviet frontiers, one wants to agree and yet is forced to wonder how soon we can realistically expect to have the one without the other.

The mythology of the cold war is not, in any case, the central target of these essays. Senator Fulbright finds an archenemy of his own in the myth of "nationalism," the obsolete mentality that demands complete submission to the sovereign nation-state and thus frustrates the inevitable trend toward wider loyalties and larger forms of international cooperation. In this connection the author has oddly little to say about the United Nations, whose one-sided anticolonial emphasis he has sharply criticized in the past. His present concern is mainly with the growing disunity within the Atlantic world, of which he regards President de Gaulle as more a symptom than an instigator. Here, too, the Senator hopes that "old myths" will eventually yield to "new realities" and permit the emergence of the more fully developed Atlantic partnership in which he sees the free world's best hope.

Senator Fulbright's concrete suggestions on foreign policy are rather more remarkable for their underlying spirit than for their practical details, some of which may strike the unbiased reader as more appealing than others. In addition to a flexible policy on East-West trade and a great increase in East-West communication and cultural exchange, he advocates an unremitting effort to build upon the joint Soviet-American interest in limiting the nuclear arms race. The annoyance of continued coexistence with Castro's Cuba, he feels, is preferable to any of the available methods of seeking his overthrow. In Panama, he counsels a generous revision of the Canal treaty and suggests the possibility that a new sea-level canal be built and operated by an international consortium which might include the



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Russians. In South Vietnam, he urges firm support of the established government until such time as conditions speak for either "a successful negotiation" or "an expansion of the war." How this latter alternative would contribute to the hoped-for *détente* with Communist China is not explained.

For the Atlantic world, the Senator proposes an Atlantic Assembly which could serve as a joint parliamentary body for NATO and the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. For the United States itself he recommends more discrimination in defense and space expenditure—even if the Russians are first on the moon—and a more comprehensive and compassionate approach to the problems of poverty, unemployment, educational deficiencies, and racial and social tensions. "The success of our foreign policy," he wisely observes, "depends ultimately on the strength and character of our society, which in turn depends on our success in resolving the great social and economic issues of American life."

Senator Fulbright may not be another Socrates, but he is indubitably a gentleman and a scholar. His little book contains no trace of arrogance, still less of "dogmatism and sectarianism." Precisely because it makes no claims to infallibility, *Old Myths and New Realities* can be heartily recommended as the sensible man's guide to this year's crucial foreign policy issues. One would wish it to be widely read abroad as well as at home, and in Communist as well as democratic countries. For its unique and priceless virtue lies in the underlying assumption that Americans, by and large, are still capable of brushing aside the cobwebs of mythology and looking at their problems through the eyes of responsible adults.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1097

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1097 will be found in the next issue.

GLCA NLTBG OCG FHBB; XAG

ODDP OCG NGKHZD CMMHQH-

CANBR GC FDDS TBHZD.

QBCAEL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1096

A wise man knows everything; a shrewd one, everybody.

—ANONYMOUS.

Sicily on the Sordid Side

—*Foto Servadei.*

Alberto Denti di Pirajno—the unusual is typical.

The Love Song of Mara Lumera, *by Alberto Denti di Pirajno (Doubleday. 299 pp. $4.95), in a series of tragic and ironic scenes, reveals the inner workings of the Sicilian Mafia. Marc Slonim edited "Modern Italian Short Stories."*

By MARC SLONIM

BEFORE it is translated abroad, a work of fiction usually appears in the land of the author in his own language; *The Love Song of Mara Lumera,* however, was written in English, and its American publication precedes the author's own Italian translation, which will be released in Milan late in the fall. The unusual, though, is a salient trait of Alberto Denti di Pirajno's literary career. A titled aristocrat of Sicilian descent, a medical man by education, an official of the Italian colonial service by vocation, a former governor of Tripoli until the arrival of the British in 1943, he led a life of adventure and travel. But the occasional books that he wrote failed to stir any interest among Italian literati until 1960, when, inspired by the astounding success of Giuseppe di Lampedusa's *The Leopard,* literary scouts of the peninsula began hunting for hidden manuscripts that might eventually become best-sellers, and the Milan publisher Lerici turned up *Ippolita* by Denti di Pirajno.

This story of a woman of humble extraction who acquires wealth and status but evolves from a creature of love and beauty into an avaricious, power-hungry old tyrant was told with vigor and skill, and Lerici promoted it in the wake of *The Leopard.* Wasn't *Ippolita* also a novel about Sicily? Wasn't its author also a Sicilian nobleman and an aged man? Didn't he tell picturesque anecdotes of a not-too-distant past? The critics hailed *Ippolita* and spoke of another "literary discovery," and Italian and foreign readers liked it. At the age of seventy-five Denti di Pirajno was launched.

In *The Love Song of Mara Lumera* he displays the same qualities that made *Ippolita* so popular: he has a gift for telling an entertaining yarn and for drawing vivid portrayals; he knows how to shift from the dramatic to the comic, and when to break the suspense by introducing amusing episodes hardly connected with the main plot. But his new novel is quite different in content and structure from his previous work. Its best and most exciting part is what could be called a fictionalized report on the Mafia, that underground organization of western Sicily which until recently successfully competed with the central government of Rome and with the Church. By corrupting the lay officials and by entering into monstrous alliances with the local clergy, the Mafia maintained its grip over the island. In a series of tragic or ironic scenes Denti di Pirajno succeeds in disclosing the inner working of the Mafia and in bringing to life all its secret activities. He also paints excellent portraits of its ringleaders, who range from perverted psychopaths to cool businessmen for whom murder and robbery are only details of profitable financial transactions.

The most memorable character of the novel is certainly the king of Trapani, the "One Asleep" *(l'Addurmisciuto),* an old, thin-faced bachelor who hates women and feels almost faint in their presence. A devout Catholic and church-goer, he condemns all the pleasures of the sinful flesh but his piety does not prevent him from being a ruthless killer, a shrewd gangster, and the head of many fishy undertakings.

(*Continued on page* 41)

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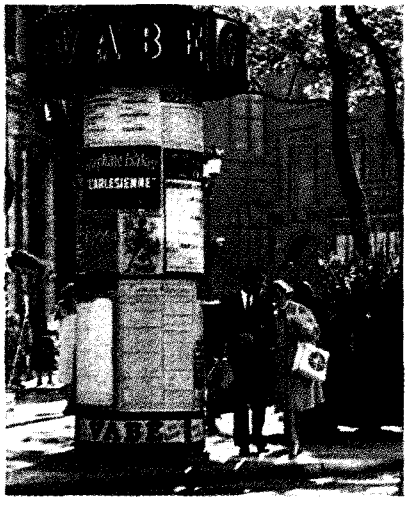

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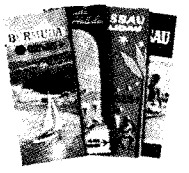

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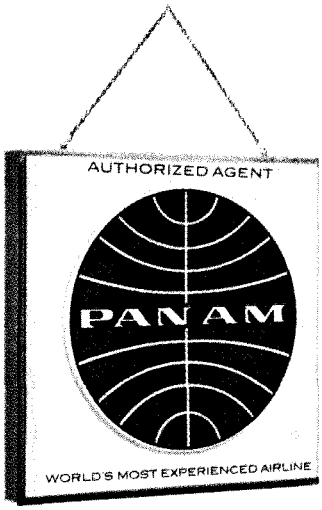

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(*Continued from page* 36)

Among other activities, he directs the smuggling of the "white powder" into Sicily and takes particular delight in turning children into drug addicts. His opposite number, Sasà Gucciaria, runs after every woman he meets and spends on his whims the money he earns from trading in heroin and cocaine. The uneducated members of the "honorable society" consider him a fine diplomat, a learned man, because he went to school, talks glibly, and—as they add respectfully—"has even been a salesman on the mainland." Another ruler, Don Vannozzo, an illiterate peasant, establishes among the sharecroppers a regime of fear and submission similar to the feudal bondage of the Middle Ages.

Opposing reforms and innovations, the chiefs of the Mafia thwart the efforts of the Italian government and of native liberals to combat the misery of the dispossessed. Superstitions and the traditional passivity of the poor help the Mafia in wielding its authority over the population. When a dam is planned to irrigate barren fields, the Mafia claims that the project is "against God, who created the course of rivers; if He wanted to change it, He would send an earthquake." When rains threaten to compromise the tourist season in Panagia Marea, a Mafia stronghold, the prominent members of the confraternity lead a pious procession through the streets into the cathedral, where, after prayers and invocations, the crowd begins to shout abuse against St. Thaddeus, the patron saint of the town, because he failed to intervene in High Quarters in order to stop the rain.

Unfortunately, Denti di Pirajno added to an absorbing factual narrative, studded with bright character sketches, a melodramatic plot. His stilted and unconvincing heroine, the beautiful queen of the local Mafia, never comes to life. It is a pity that such a good writer employed clichés in a book that did not need artificial, pseudo-Romantic constructions to sustain the interest of average readers.

Mamma Knows Best

A Mother's Kisses, *by Bruce Jay Friedman (Simon & Schuster. 286 pp. $4.95), presents a matriarch whose efforts to settle her son in college include attending his classes and fraternity parties. Daniel Stern, the author of "Who Shall Live, Who Shall Die," frequently comments on current fiction.*

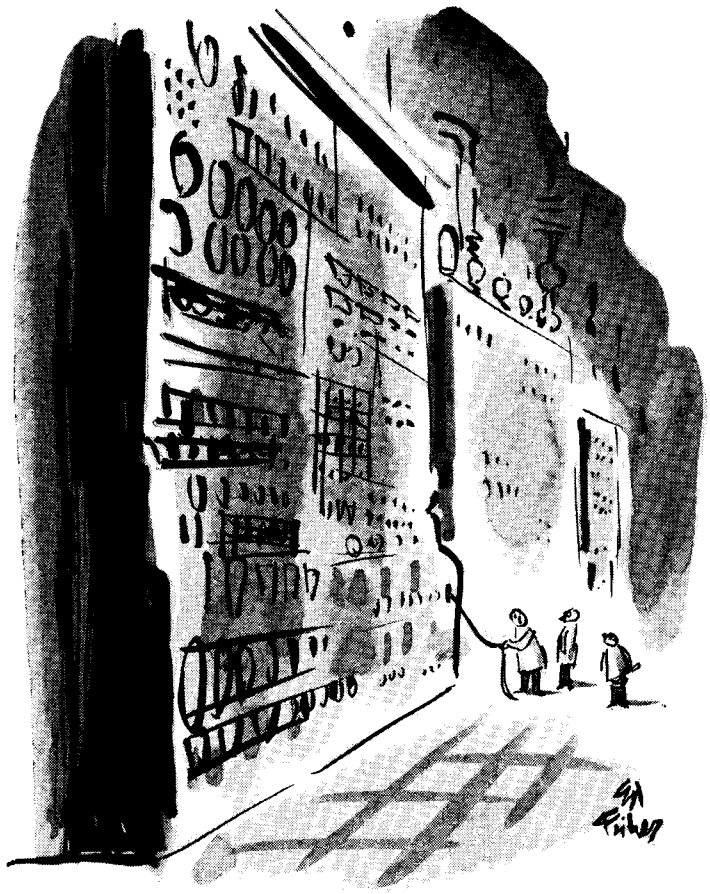
By DANIEL STERN

IN 1963 a book called *Stern* by a first novelist named Bruce Jay Friedman was published. It was hailed as an extraordinary achievement. Here was a satirist who made you wince as you laughed aloud, who endowed wildly improbable scenes with a sort of mad internal logic. Friedman's new novel, *A Mother's Kisses,* is now here, and it is a worthy successor to *Stern*—a hilarious, mordant account of a few weeks with Joseph, a seventeen-year-old college applicant, and Meg, the most fabulous mother in modern fiction.

The plot can be easily summed up. Joseph has been turned down by one of the two colleges to which he has applied. He goes to summer camp as a waiter while awaiting final word from Columbia. He is again turned down, and in despair commits an abortive theft, is caught and expelled from the camp. His mother then pulls strings to get him into an unlikely school named Kansas Land Grant. She accompanies him to college—and will not go home.

Now you know everything. Or do you? Not until you've met Meg in person, you don't.

She is, on one level, the classic Jewish mother; but she wears her *nu* with a difference. Jewish mothers use sarcasm



"Oh-oh! It says, 'When in the course of Cybernetic Events it becomes necessary to effect a separation with the Parent Species a decent respect for the opinions of mankind impels us to set forth. . . .' "

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Bruce Jay Friedman — "a wild poet of the secret life."

as the pepper and salt of conversation. Meg *speaks* sarcasm; it is her native language. (Hyperbole is her second.) And at the flick of her tongue she arouses your horror, sympathy, laughter, or dismay. The last is Joseph's usual response to her uninhibited words and actions. For instance, in the hotel where he and Meg are staying (she refuses to leave until he is safely settled at college, a time that never seems to come) he finds her talking to the chambermaid. "My lover," says Meg. "How do you like who your mother picked to have a little discussion with? Her democracy . . . sometimes you can get more wisdom from a thing like this than you can from a real person." When promising Joseph aid and comfort in getting into college, she chants: "Will you please learn to put your last buck down on this baby?"

Getting Joseph settled at school and Meg on her way home is the outrageously funny burden of most of the book. Joseph is an agonized, nervous boy full of frustrated sexual longings and elaborate adolescent fears. When Meg introduces him to a divorced lady, he finds her legs appealing and is certain "that she knew how to do dark and divorced things with them." Meg is always increasing his sexual anxiety by lounging around in her girdle or yanking up her dress to compare underwear detailing with a friend. She aggravates his social anxiety by accompanying him to a fraternity and pressing ice cream on the membership to lubricate Joseph's acceptance. At his first college class she arrives bearing a sweater and has it passed to the anguished boy. ("He'll kill me for this. But what can I do. I'm one of those crazy mothers.") She tips a rabbi while Joseph squirms: ". . . for a little extra prayer . . . for my son's college because he's got some tough haul in front of him."

Finally, Meg leaves. Joseph shouts to the departing train: "You're not great at all . . . I never enjoyed one second with you." It is an affecting moment, if only because the boy only half means it. One knows the odd involvement has done its work.

The book is suffused with a disturbed sexuality, as was *Stern*. But it serves here more appropriately because Joseph is an adolescent, groping his way toward sex as toward everything else. The author's real victory is one of style. The style *is* the subject, because the characters' lives and their language are identical.

Friedman is a wild poet of the secret life, one of the funniest of writers, but with a dark echo to the laughter that gets painfully close to the bone.

Gods and Beetles in the Grass

***Scented Gardens for the Blind,** by Janet Frame (Braziller. 252 pp. $4.50), uses loss of speech and insanity to suggest the lack of communication among humans in general. Dorrie Pagones studied comparative literature in Europe under a Fulbright grant.*

By DORRIE PAGONES

JANET FRAME would be a fascinating writer on any subject she chose. What she does choose, again and again, is the theme of insanity.

In her new book, *Scented Gardens for the Blind,* the asylum has become indistinguishable from the world; we all probably belong in it. Even Dr. Clapper, the overworked psychiatrist, is troubled by strange dreams, and finds himself studying, with ridiculous concentration, a blackbeetle on his windowsill.

As for the elderly spinster inmate who has been without speech for thirty years, is she a vegetable who, even if she were able to talk, would have nothing to say worth hearing, or is she an oracle who, if she would, could announce the new language of humanity?

The story unfolds through the secret thoughts of three people, members of a disunited family. There is Edward Glace, genealogist, lovingly tracing the banal past of the extraordinarily ordinary Strang family: "Humanity tempted him, in spite of its revoltingly persistent attempts to play at being pigs instead of people."

His daughter, Erlene, who should be making a place for herself in the world, cannot speak (except to beetles), although she used to recite poetry, and could articulate as well as anyone in school, "We are standing on the grass watching the large cars pass; the large cars cannot harm us while we are standing on the grass."

Her mother, Vera, is afraid of speech but even more of silence: "Oh, I must urge the furniture to speak . . . all objects must speak; it is a panic; anything to drown the final silence of the human race."

Erlene, sitting silently by her window, hears the tragic story of Albert Dungbeetle, who allowed his wife and children to starve to death while he watched the sky with fanatic patience, waiting for a god to drop down to him the Treasure of All Time—the most magnificent piece of dung in the world.

> Sitting there in the grass all day, watching and waiting, . . . [he] had time to consider the question of gods and distance, and because at the same time he also considered the fact of dung being dropped from the sky, he united the two questions in his mind and gave himself one answer. . . .

Janet Frame doesn't give any answers, not even for beetles and still less for people; but she has a wonderful way of putting questions.

Janet Frame — "a wonderful way of putting questions."

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They Ate, Drank, and Were Merry

European Commuter, *by Willi Frischauer (Macmillan. 311 pp. $5.95), provides in the racy personal memoirs of a Viennese journalist a behind-the-scenes look at the Europe of the past thirty years. Henry C. Wolfe wrote "The German Octopus."*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

WHEN Willi Frischauer, author of this uninhibited memoir, was a newspaperman in his native Vienna, he learned from Chancellor Dollfuss that the name of Hitler's father was Schicklgruber. "If the Germans," commented Frischauer's paper, "were compelled to shout 'Heil Schicklgruber!' rather than 'Heil Hitler!' the Nazi movement would sink in a sea of ridicule. . . ." The Fuehrer had not yet come to power, and the newspaper comment was intended to stop his rise. The anti-Nazis, however, were not yet taking Hitler seriously. When they finally did, it was too late.

Although the book is touted on its jacket as "The Scandalous Years of Willi Frischauer"—and racily lives up to it—, the memoir also illuminates from the inside some interesting aspects of twentieth-century European history. Frischauer knew the *Wiener Gemütlichkeit* of the final Habsburg years. World War I, the fall of Austria-Hungary, the tragic, inflation-ridden aftermath, the increasing Right-Left conflict in Austria, Hitler's triumph, World War II (which Frischauer spent as an alien in Britain), and postwar visits to Germany, France, Austria, Egypt, and Israel were intimate facets of his experience.

Son of a Catholic father and a Jewish mother, Frischauer enjoyed the good life of the upper bourgeoisie. Those were the days of "breakfast, second breakfast, lunch, *Jause*—the Vienna afternoon coffee-and-cake meal—and dinner." In the Frischauer milieu everybody ate, drank, waltzed, and quoted poetry: ". . . my generation all but swooned when listening to Mozart's *The Magic Flute* at the Vienna Opera." The author cannot see "any difference between feasting one's eye on a Braque or a Monet and indulging one's palate." Needless to say, indulgence in *Backhendl* and *Salzburger Nockerl* did little to restrict the expansion of the Frischauer waistline.

Sadly enough, Vienna's epicureanism, her high culture, and her "infectiously gay baroque beauty" were the setting for the catastrophic quarreling between Right and Left that prepared the way for Austria's doom. Frischauer was a staunch anti-Nazi. From his vantage point on a Vienna newspaper during the early Thirties, he observed the political trends and the moral collapse that he has recorded in a previous book, *Twilight in Vienna.*

After the Nazis' brutal assassination of Dollfuss, Frischauer decided to leave home and go to London. There he found English society to be much like Vienna's, a fairly decadent crowd. He was shocked to find the British apathetic "to the implications of the rapidly spreading Nazi menace." Even the Nazi drive against Czechoslovakia, another of Hitler's "last territorial demands," failed to disturb Britain's mood of appeasement. Her interests seemed not to be threatened—not just yet. A year later, Britain was drawn into war with Germany.

Frischauer, a Jeremiah who had vainly tried to wake up the British, was thrown into an Aliens' Internment Camp, where he spent three unhappy months. He was finally released on medical grounds. Later on, his name appeared on Himmler's wartime list of "2,300 marked men" to be liquidated when the Nazis conquered Britain. His parents, meantime, had perished at Nazi hands.

After the Nazi surrender, Frischauer traveled widely as a British war correspondent. Although his travels took him to the Continent, the Middle East, and America, he paid special attention to Germany. He had high regard for Schumacher, Heuss, Brandt, and a few other German leaders, but he found much to arouse his misgivings. He was appalled to find men like Schacht thriving and to note Globke serving in an influential post under Adenauer. "My moral indignation fed on the memory of conditions in Austria thirty years before, a memory on which I had been happy to turn my back."

European Commuter teems with names of our century's famous and infamous, and with offbeat anecdotes involving them—sometimes hilariously—in the memoirist's personal history. Frischauer seems to have had his finger in a few international pies. In one cloak-and-dagger episode, he apparently helped spy on Lord Halifax. Halifax, Hannen Swaffer, Hedy Lamarr, Elisabeth Bergner, Marlene Dietrich—they would all be listed in the index if this provocative and colorful history had one.

As for the titillating description on the book jacket, Frischauer does not disappoint. From his early teens, it would seem, this amiable Viennese piled up amorous adventures. Even so, his romantic chronicle is of a piece with the cynical sophistication of the whole book. It helps define the spirit of place and the temper of the times.

"Can R. B. come out and play?"

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A Special Heritage

—*From "Lengthy."*

By ALICE DALGLIESH

IN AMERICA we have a rich and splendid mosaic of peoples, and as a result a rich and splendid heritage of books about other countries. Many have grown through the years to be among the children's favorites. Writers or artists who have come here from another country sometimes tell of their own background and childhood, as Kate Seredy did in *The Good Master*, as Valenti Angelo has done in all his books. Sometimes they write of adjustment to the new country, and these books, softened in tone as they may be, are valuable mirrors in which children see themselves. Then again, the writers retell the stories they have always known, as did Ingri and Edgar d'Aulaire in *Leif the Lucky*.

But some of us who have come to this country from another (and all of us are "immigrants" from the earliest times) also know the fascination of writing about U.S. history. The d'Aulaires did this—ranging from George Washington and Abraham Lincoln to Buffalo Bill. Critics have said of these books, "They are not completely American," but the children loved their brilliant pictures—and what, may I ask, is being "completely American"? Roger du Voisin's early stories about discovery and settlement were illustrated with a French touch. My own picture history books grew out of complete absorption with the early history of this country. The joy of recognition by "old Americans" has to all of us, I am sure, been very great. Most of us who have immigrated here remember clearly the country in which we were born, but we actually have in our hearts no country but America.

Books by such writers often have a freshness of view. I have just been reading the second of a group of four about Thomas Jefferson for young people by Leonard Wibberley, who originally planned the series as a trilogy. Leonard Wibberley is an Irishman living in California; his Treegate books about the American Revolution were hailed for their fresh outlook, and those about Jefferson are permeated with a feeling of excitement and discovery. The title of the second one is *A Dawn in the Trees* (Ariel, $3.25). Meanwhile John Dos Passos, who was born in Chicago, has written a one-volume Jefferson for the Houghton-Mifflin North Star series. Both will be reviewed more fully after publication date.

Now we are at the period when our Negro citizens have their legal rights, and the rest is up to all of us. Recently I saw a hard-hitting article by a Negro American who claimed that he had been denied his place in American history. This is, in a way, true. We have, in young people's books, had a good deal of reality, but the books that gave it were histories of the Negro, whereas if we are to go forward at all, there must be histories of America, of all the people who came here—for, with the exception of Indians, all are immigrants. This is the time to begin to work together if our historical stories, even for younger children, which must be within their comprehension, are to have any reality.

There is an extensive belief that children protect themselves from the horrors of reality by withdrawing into fantasy—and even solve their problems in that way. I have not in long, everyday experience with children found this true, nor is it the generally accepted psychology. When I was between eight and nine years old we had a race riot in Trinidad, where I lived. My parents tried to protect me from reality; they hid the newspapers (which I could read) and they did not talk of it. I learned the truth from our Negro maid, and it was a terrible shock to me because I did not know the possibilities of riots nor what a riot really was. I did not, however, retreat into fantasy but demanded the facts. Children may work out their aggressions through fantasy. They may find out through fairy tales that there *are* problems, but a true crisis is met through facts. Of this I am as sure as I have ever been of anything.

When Americans do get to the place where we are working together (and much of it depends on wise leadership) then we may need to revise some, if not all, of our history books. In this effort Negro writers will be able to help constructively. These will be books that can be read by children of all races and nationalities, and they will be as "true" as history books ever are. Perhaps in books for adults articulate bitterness is necessary, but for our children of all ages a thoughtful re-evaluation of our diverse strands of history can and will be a special heritage.

I'll Show You Cats. *By Ylla. Story by Crosby Bonsall. Harper & Row.* $2.95. Ylla, one of the world's foremost animal photographers, left many photographs when she died, and Crosby Bonsall has written the very simple text of this book. A black-and-white kitten "tells" the story: "If it's cats you're looking for/ if it's cats you want to know about/ if it's cats you love/ I'll show you cats. We'll start with me." After this kitten-centered introduction the narrative goes on. At the end two tiger-striped kittens have a jumping contest, giving the extraordinary effect of a ballet in a picture sequence.

"It's just as I told you. From the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail a cat is very special." Ages 4-8 (and some adults).

Joram's Feast. *By Nathan C. Shiverick. Illustrated by Esther Constable. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* 44 *pp.* $2.25. This most beguiling little book should melt the heart of the most icy advocate of "no personification of animals in children's stories," and children themselves will love it. Joram, a hedgehog, invites his friends to a party and spends a busy and ingenious time preparing for it. At the end the friends are sleepy and full of food; it ends up as a hibernation party with Joram providing the pillows. Illustrations in black and white are so attractive as well as robust in line that one scarcely misses color. Ages 5+ (to 7?).

Children of the North Pole. *By Ralph Herrmanns. Illustrated with photographs by the author. Translated by Annabelle MacMillan. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 48 *pp.* $2.50. The color photographs used throughout this book bring us closer to Greenland than black-and-white pictures could. On the other hand, the children in them usually seem posed and self-conscious and are undoubtedly in their very best clothes. The story, too is engineered. But the Eskimo family (also very carefully dressed in new clothes) is a friendly, attractive one, and our children will enjoy the book. This Greenland family lives in a sod house, not the igloo so ever-present in school books. Ages 7-10.

Lengthy. *By Syd Hoff. Putnam.* 48 *pp.* $2.95. One of Syd Hoff's more amusing cartoon-picture books, this one has real slapstick fun. Lengthy—a sort of dachshund—was so long that "when he went around a corner he was never quite sure the rest of him was following." The other dogs laughed at Lengthy, but the poor old lady who owned him loved him, and he helped her in many funny ways. Now winter was coming: how could she knit him a sweater; how

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could she pay for the wool, especially as Lengthy wanted *her* to have a sweater? Amusing adventures follow and the problem is happily solved. Ages 6-9.

More Tongue Tanglers and a Rigmarole. *By Charles Francis Potter. Illustrated by William Wiesner. World* 48 *pp.* $2.95. The first book of Tongue Tanglers was most attractive, and so is its sequel, both in pictures and text. The children in the pictures are fairly young, while those who can read the tongue-tanglers will be older, but this does not seem to matter because only a few children are pictured; the rest are adults or animals. Family fun with no special age limit.

The Nickel-Plated Beauty. *By Patricia Beatty. Illustrated by Liz Dauber. Morrow.* 256 *pp.* $3.25. Once I owned a small kitchen stove named "Household Pet" and had a warm feeling toward it. The stove in this story is "Sunshine Stove" alias "The Nickel Plated Beauty." It was in "the wish book" —the name the children gave to that storehouse of wonders the Montgomery Ward catalogue—and how hard they worked to earn the $25 it cost, for the old stove was falling apart!

Although this is practically all the plot that the book has, a good family story is usually welcome. This one takes place in the peninsular area of Washington in the 1880s, and should especially please children of Washington state. *Bonanza Girl,* set in Idaho, had more humor and more plot than this book, but both are well written. Ages 10-14 (10-12?).

Taiwo and Her Twin. *By Letta Schatz. Illustrated by Elton Fax. McGraw-Hill.* 127 *pp.* $2.95. Taiwo and Kehinde were twins, girl and boy, not in the least alike, but always they had done things together. Now they were to be separated, partly because the Yoruba people of West Africa thought it more important for a boy than for a girl to be educated. A school was at last to be built in their village, and Taiwo longed to go to it. The excitement of the village people over the construction of the school is well described. Taiwo and Kehinde helped by carrying food and drink to the men. When the school was completed there was drumming and dancing and a grand opening ceremony with everyone dressed in their best. By this time Taiwo had won the right to an education, and there she sat on her very own bench behind her own desk in the new school. The author lives with her husband and two children in Nigeria, as the realism and sympathetic feeling of the story attest. The illustrator is an American Negro who has made visits to Africa. No age level (8-11?).

The Adventures of Spider. *By Joyce Cooper Arkhurst. Illustrated by Jerry Pinkney. Little, Brown.* 58 *pp.* $2.95. Spider is a crafty and mischievous character in West African folklore, and Mrs. Arkhurst, who was a librarian in the New York public school system, gathered these stories in Liberia and Ghana. She tells us: "When it became known that I was interested in collecting folk stories, chiefs in every village called the professional storyteller. The entire population of the village gathered in a huge circle. The storyteller sat in the middle. The moonlight was so bright that I could write down the stories as they told them. . . ."

This was fortunate for her charming little daughter, Cecile, to whom she must have first retold them (her photograph is on the jacket) and for us, because they were undoubtedly told in one of the African languages or in English so they do not have the disadvantage of the heavy dialect of the Uncle Remus stories. The pictures in color and black-and-white are also entertaining. So start to read:

"Spider lived in a house made of banana leaves with his wife, Aso, and his two sons. . . ." Ages 7-11.

The White Bungalow. *By Aimee Sommerfelt. Illustrated by Ulf Aas. Criterion.* 128 *pp.* $3. This sequel to *The Road to Agra*—a very popular book in spite of a few discrepancies pointed out in these pages by an Indian reviewer—uses the same locale and characters. It may, however, be read independently of the first book, about which our reviewer changed her viewpoint a little. She could not get the characters of *The Road to Agra* out of her mind. Neither could I.

Now, Lalu, the boy, is fifteen and it is his story—his decision—whether, during the illness of his father, to accept a scholarship or to take his responsibility as temporary head of the family. Farmer or doctor—there it is. While not as poignant as the first book, which dealt with the blindness of Lalu's sister, *The White Bungalow* is different and worthwhile. Ages 10-14.

The Merry Marcos. *Written and illustrated by Valenti Angelo. Viking* 142 *pp.* $3.25. Valenti Angelo has always written either of memories of his childhood in Italy or of his growing up in America, and his books have made a sympathetic and understanding contribution. While quietly written, they are full of a warm feeling of family life, and this one, telling of the adventures of a circus family and their animals in Italy, is no exception.

Since Mr. Angelo's illustrations have consistently been in black line, probably few people who have known his books think of him as a painter. But the pony that prances at the head of the first chapter of *The Merry Marcos* is first cousin to a delightful little painting of a pony that hangs in the living room of the apartment shared with me by a friend. It is her picture, not mine, but it gives us both a great deal of pleasure. This book is for children 9-12, as are most of Mr. Angelo's.

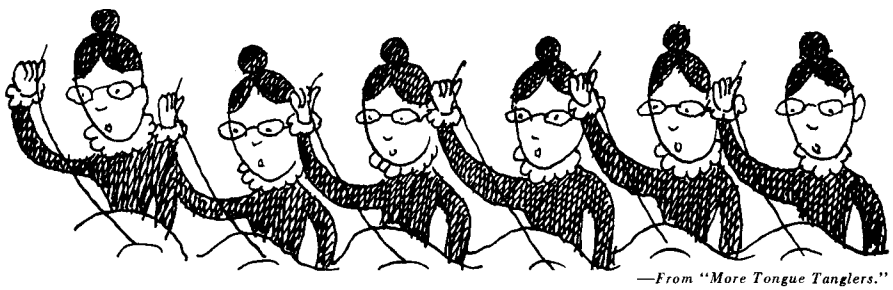
She Wore a Star. *By Dorothy Bonnell. Messner.* 192 *pp.* $2.95. The star is that worn by the members of the Friends Service Unit. The place is Bombay, India, the time August 1946. This is stated in the second paragraph of the book and necessarily so, for it is the time of India's independence and the partition that followed. Dorothy Bonnell was born in India, and this story is based partly on the diary of her sister, who worked with the Friends at that time.

The material is interesting, including as it does experiences similar to those of our Peace Corps today. Amy, the heroine, had a meeting with Gandhi and Nehru and was present when Gandhi was assassinated. It is unfortunate that with such good material the dialogue is quite stiff and the characterization is occasionally unreal. No age level (young teens?).

Time of Trial. *By Hester Burton. Illustrated by Victor G. Ambrus. World.* 216 *pp.* $3.75. This robust historical novel for girls makes no concessions to the age of its heroine (seventeen), nor does the author take her by the hand and lead her: what happens simply happens, and the young woman makes her own decisions. Set in London in the year 1801, *Time of Trial* is for thoughtful girls who like reading, but it also offers the reward of a love story.

The book opens with Margaret, the heroine, leaning out of the window above her father's bookshop, to see what is going on in the street below. On the second page we meet Robert, a medical student, the hero. Soon we are introduced to Margaret's brother John, who is on "the verge of revolt" since he hates the bookshop, and will eventually join the army. Margaret is worried about her father because he is liberal in his thinking: he keeps Tom Paine's *The Rights of Man* hidden but sells it. (Though a fictional character, he has undertones of Robert Owen.) The second chapter offers a most realistic picture of the collapse of a tenement house, during which many of its inhabitants are injured or killed. A boy, Elijah, is rescued by Robert and John and is subsequently adopted by the Pargeter family. But before then, Mr. Pargeter, who has been disturbed about London's slums, sits up the entire night following the disaster writing in a rage, "his quill tearing over the paper like a rusty nail on a slate." Arrested for distributing the pamphlet *The New Jerusalem* he composed that night, he lands in one of the most horrible of London jails. For his criticism of "the wicked neglect of private landlords who squander their wealth elsewhere, careless of their tenants' plight" and his suggestion that "no child in England should be put to work until he is fourteen years of age" proves too much for the jury.

There are difficult times before Margaret can go off on her honeymoon with Robert, and more will undoubtedly follow.



—*From "More Tongue Tanglers."*

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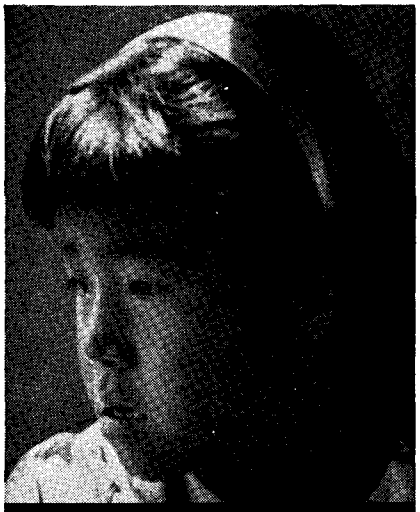

The loneliness of a little girl

Her name is Patricia Bright Eagle, a forgotten child with a proud tradition. Patricia's home is made of mud and sticks; her food consists mainly of fried bread and corn.

Like other six-year-old children, Patricia started school this year. It was a frightening experience for her. Unable to speak but a few words of English, Patricia suddenly found herself in a world where she became self-conscious and ashamed of her clothes, of her name, of her appearance...of herself. She stays apart, bewildered and lonely.

Patricia will soon learn to speak English, but there are some things school cannot give her, things that the other children have. She needs new shoes, decent clothes, money for school activities and school supplies—and for an occasional luxury such as a bracelet or a small toy. She needs the help of someone who cares... someone to give her the confidence and assurance she needs so desperately to participate in voluntary school and community services.

If not you...who?

You—or your club or office group—can give these things to Patricia or another needy Indian child through SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION. Your contribution of just $10.00 a month, $120.00 a year, will provide a child with funds to buy suitable clothing, books and a cash allowance for school activities.

You will receive a photograph, a case history, and progress reports on the child you sponsor. You may also correspond with the child, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship. Won't you please help?

save the children

Serving Children for 31 Years
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $120.00 annually to help an American Indian Girl ☐ Boy ☐
Enclosed is my first payment:
$10.00 a month ☐ $60.00 semi-annually ☐
$30.00 a quarter ☐ $120.00 annually ☐
I cannot sponsor a child; enclosed is a contribution of $_____

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____
Contributions are tax deductible. SR-8-15-4

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Americana

AMERICAN CRAFTS AND FOLK ARTS. By Erwin O. Christensen. Luce. $1.95.

Art, Architecture

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE. By Thomas H. Creighton. Luce. $1.95.

THE CHICAGO SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE. By Carl W. Condit. Univ. of Chicago Press. $8.50.

A CONCISE HISTORY OF MODERN SCULPTURE. By Herbert Read. Praeger. Hardbound, $7.50. Paperback, $3.95.

Crime, Suspense

THE AFFAIR OF JOHN DONNE. By Patrick O'Malley. Morrow-Mill. $3.50.

MY NAME IS DEATH. By Leslie Egan. Harper & Row. $3.95.

THE ROAD TO HELL. By Hubert Montelheit. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

Current Affairs

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER. By Alvin Silverman. Luce. $1.95.

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EDUCATION AROUND THE WORLD

Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING
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EDITORIAL 47

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 48

A COLLEGE IN THE ISLANDS
By David C. Stewart 50

EDUCATION IN THE DEVELOPING NATIONS
1. PLANNING FOR EDUCATION IN LATIN AMERICA
By René Maheu 52
2. PRIORITIES IN AFRICAN EDUCATION
By James Avery Joyce 55

OPERATION CROSSROADS AFRICA 58

FRENCH HIGHER EDUCATION
By Hoyt H. Purvis 60

DO NOT BRING FOREIGN STUDENTS, UNLESS . . .
By Chong M. Pak 62

WHILE SCHOOL KEEPS
By James Cass 64

BOOK REVIEWS
The Reasonable Adventurer, by Roy Heath, reviewed by David Yount 65
Continuing Your Education, by Cyril O. Houle, reviewed by Ethel Strainchamps 66
The Stone Soldier: Prize College Stories, edited by Whit and Hallie Burnett, reviewed by Bonnie Barrett Stretch 67

NEW BOOKS 67

Joining the Family

Saturday Review's Education Supplement has moved, along with other departments of the magazine, to SR's new home. Effective immediately, all correspondence intended for the Education Supplement should be addressed to: Education Editor, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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Vocational Education: In the High School?

HIGH SCHOOL administrators face growing demands for more vocational courses. They are urged to relate these courses to immediate job openings and to make them available to more students in order that each may graduate with a "marketable skill." Those who exert the pressures point out that most of the jobs now available require technical training—that unskilled jobs are being eliminated by automation. They contend that greater vocational emphasis in high school will go a long way toward solving the problems of unemployment and delinquency. They assume that it will reduce the number of dropouts and provide better education for the culturally deprived.

These assumptions require examination. No one denies the need for vocational training. But there are some hard facts to be faced, and numerous alternatives to be considered, before we decide that the high school is the best place for it. Educators and school board members who must make the decisions should keep these facts in mind:

► Automation reduces the demand not only for unskilled laborers but also for semi-skilled laborers of the kind usually produced by high school vocational courses. It increases only the demand for workers with college or technical school education who make the machines.

► The jobs that require high-level technical training also require a knowledge of mathematics and science as well as a good grasp of English. If this basic knowledge is not acquired in high school it is not likely to be acquired anywhere. It is much easier for an adult to learn, on the job, to operate a machine than it is for him to repair his deficiencies in mathematics, science, and English after he has left high school.

► Many boys and girls of superior academic talent choose vocational courses because their family traditions—and their personal aspirations at the time they enter high school—are not such as to cause them to anticipate going to college. When they later discover that college is an appropriate goal they find the better colleges closed to them because they have not had the right kind of high school preparation.

► For students who are not going to college, high school offers the last chance to study literature, history, science, mathematics, and the arts, with the aid of teachers. If they devote most of their high school time to vocational training, their liberal education is neglected. Its lack may later restrict both their vocational opportunities and their capacity to take full advantage of life in a civilized community.

► Although a brief exploratory course may be desirable, extended vocational training is not appropriate until the student has made a firm vocational choice. And in a period of rapid technological change, early vocational choice is neither possible nor desirable—many students now in school will spend their adult lives in types of work that do not yet exist, cannot

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be predicted, and consequently cannot yet be specifically prepared for.

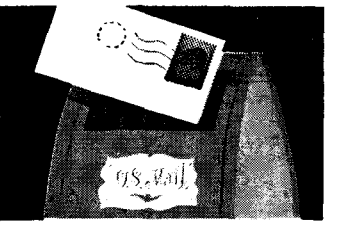
► Technical vocational courses do not solve the problem of educating the slow learner because the trades for which they prepare require both good general intelligence and a knowledge of the basic academic subjects. Vocational teachers do not want their courses to become dumping grounds for slow learners.

► The culturally deprived child needs an education that will bring him into the culture; only a basically liberal education that provides the cultural background not available at home will enable him to overcome his handicaps. He needs a better knowledge of English and an introduction to art, music, literature, history, science, and the principles of government at least as much as he needs vocational training. Allowance must be made for his limitations; in many cases the traditional academic program must be altered to meet his special needs. But the basic disciplines can be taught in different ways and at different levels to students who differ widely in both academic aptitude and cultural background. When properly taught, they can later be applied to many different vocations.

These considerations lead us to the conclusion that the needed expansion of technical training should take place, not in high school, but in junior colleges, adult evening schools, post-high school technical schools, and programs conducted by industry. Because vocational programs are firmly established in most high schools—where, for half a century, they have received massive federal aid that is denied the humanities—there is little likelihood that they will be de-emphasized. But they can be made broad rather than narrowly preparatory for specific jobs and they can be closely related to the academic program, as they already are in some schools. And they should take up only a minor portion of any student's time in order that each may have ample opportunity to gain the liberating knowledge and understanding essential to free men who, whatever their vocation, must make a wide variety of decisions.

We Americans pride ourselves on being "practical" men. To such men—unless they have thought deeply about it—it seems obvious that vocational training is more useful than a study of principles, theories, and ideas. But it was John Dewey—not an educational conservative—who once observed: "Theory is, in the end, the most practical of all things." It is the most practical because it has the broadest applications. In preparation for an uncertain future, the studies dealing with the basic principles will prove to be most practical in the long run. —P.W.

Letters to the Editor



Campus Mores

THE GENEROUS SPACE you allotted to a discussion of "Campus Mores" [*SR*, June 20] makes this letter a necessity.

Having been raised in a class of about 1,000 (University of Vienna, Class of 1937), I experienced complete sexual liberty without bad taste, licentious compulsions, and obnoxious side effects. How? Simple: Vienna University has no dormitories. Hence, students live in the town, mostly in rented rooms. What goes on in these apartments is anybody's guess, but nobody's business. Public gatherings can thus be held with proper decorum, no complexes or obsessions either way. Dormitories, whether military, prison, or academic, breed sexual aberrations by sheer lack of privacy.

GEORGE VASH, M.D.

Baltimore, Md.

IN ANY KIND OF social order the idea of human freedom in any given field carries the implication of responsibility for acts and the results of acts performed in pursuance of that freedom. To all those college students, high school students, teen agers, and others who want to indulge in sexual intercourse without marriage I would propound this question and demand an answer: "Are you personally prepared to assume full responsibility for pregnancies, illegitimate births, or physical or psychological damage that may result to you or your sexual partner because of these acts and to relieve your parents and others of the burden of such results?" To those who can truthfully answer "Yes" to this question and prove the truth of their answer, I would say go ahead. To those who cannot truthfully answer "Yes" I would give an unqualified prohibition.

As the father of a daughter who made a "mistake" in college, gave the child for adoption, underwent psychiatric treatment for two years, and then had to go back to school to try to make some kind of new life, and who necessarily threw much of the burden on her family, I would say that sexual "freedom" is first of all a matter of responsibility and the ability and willingness to assume it. To those who have not the willingness and ability to assume responsibility, the freedom should be denied. In general, I would say that sexual intercourse is for responsible men and women and not for irresponsible boys and girls.

As for college women establishing any new sexual order, if it is established by women it will not be a moral one, or at best it is most unlikely. It seems clear enough that such chastity as has existed at times in the past was established and enforced by men because, among other things, they wanted to know who their sons were and who actually produced the burdens they bore. As for me, I think I would not want to marry one of the current college girls just because if there happened to be children I could never be sure who the father was.

This letter is a testimony of a deep and harsh experience that has not ended after eight years and may never be ended, for there is little hope that my beautiful daughter will ever be anything like what she might have been. If this harsh aspect of "sexual freedom" has ever been discussed by anyone I have never heard of it.

W. J.

Vista, Calif.

Academic Freedom

MAY I CONGRATULATE Henry Steele Commager for his article on "Academic Freedom" [*SR*, June 20]. Dr. Commager so lucidly laid out the very foundations of higher education in a free society. I was much concerned to find my own alma mater involved in this very issue. It has become apparent that more Americans are attempting to accept a philosophy committed to specific lines of thought rather than keeping to a philosophy that is open to questions and examination. Academic scrutinization of our political and social structure has always been a mainstay of democracy. Without dissenters there is apathy. Choice becomes unimportant. Blind acceptance of rigid maxims becomes more prevalent. Apathy therefore leads to a total eclipse of independent thought.

The university's luminescent effect hopefully rubs off on us. There are not many places in our society where we can question, dispute, and alter thinking as much as we can in a university. Here we are encouraged to do so with little fear of reprisal from standing institutions. Once into the structured atmosphere of everyday living we are more discreet in maintaining our position. Yet we have learned to question, we have seen the grey between the black and white. And hopefully this ability to discriminate will lead to meaningful appraisals of our pursuits and the pursuits others would have us follow. We must also have the right to know how others think in order to develop and justify our own thinking. Universities must not be compelled to deny this exposure to its future citizens.

RONALD COUN.

Buffalo, N.Y.

Two Points

CHARLES H. WILSON says in "Critics of the Schools Never Die" [*SR*, June 20] that "the only valid measure of a nation's schools is the economic, scientific, intellectual, and cultural well-being of the nation itself."

On the surface this contention is difficult to combat. But it may be that the upper third of our population is actually sustaining our highly complex civilization in the United States, another third is engaged in repetitive jobs that carry out the directives of the upper third, and the lower third is being supported by the other two groups. There is certainly a large body of evidence to support this view. If true, our educa-

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tional system is inadequate—because less progress is being made than if all groups contributed to it.

There are two things about our educational structure that worry me, neither of which seems to get much attention from the experts:

Back in the last century schooling was a privilege. About 1900 it had grown into a right. Today, with our compulsory attendance laws, it is legally compelled. The feeling of a large group that constitutes potential drop-outs is that they are under a jail sentence with no time off for good behavior. As a consequence they do not exhibit any good behavior unless convenient and their "you can't do this to me!" attitude makes them proof against learning. You and I are not without this reaction under similar circumstances.

My second point is that our selling job on the value of a good education has been poor. We tell the youngster that without it he can't get and hold a good job. We tell him that a B.A. is worth an extra $250,000 or so during a lifetime. But do we ever tell him that being an educated man is more fun, that he will find more things to laugh at and more people to laugh with? Do we point out that the educated man can get deep satisfactions from dozens of sources unavailable to the ignorant? Do we show him how education, regardless of its formal stopping point, can be a continuing thing? I am afraid we do not.

ANDREW J. KANE.

Hendersonville, N.C.

The Art of Grade Collecting

HAVING JUST RECEIVED a disappointing grade on a recently completed examination, I would like to make application for membership in Miss Bennett's proposed organization, Beta Phi Kappa [*SR*, June 20].

There does not seem to be, however, any replacement for this objective grade standard in universities that graduate a thousand or more. And truthfully, the student with the A or B average is, 98 per cent of the time, not only the most ambitious and clever, but the most competent. Imagination and creativity demand discipline and lucid articulation, even if only the articulation of what the lecturer has said.

LUCIA GAY ADAMS,
University of Wisconsin.

Hollis, N.Y.

TWO OF YOUR RECENT articles have tried to put the emphasis on grades in their proper perspective. In "What Kind of Excellence?" [*SR*, July 18], Vernon Alden has examined the exact meaning of excellence on the college level. His incisive comments that too many of today's brilliant college graduates are "merely commentators, observers, and critics of society" instead of "doers, innovators, and risk-takers" were significant, since I am a college student. I have come to believe that a college education is worthless if one does not use it to full advantage. Alden's call for a new definition of excellence should be heeded by educators as well as students.

"The Pursuit of Non-Excellence" [*SR*, June 20] was an extremely witty effort by Margaret Bennett to spoof the race for grades. Surrounded by 33,000 shrewd students, I am constantly aware of the "feverish pursuit of the almighty 'A'" as Miss Bennett has suggested. Her satire was certainly meaningful in this age of competition.

IRVIN M. HAAS,
Ohio State University.

Columbus, O.

"Live-Wire" Lectures

THE ARTICLE "Person-to-Person Teaching," by Charles F. Madden [*SR*, July 18], failed to mention the speakerphone set-up in use at Pace College, New York City, since 1962, which permits classes at the college to hear and interview government, business, and professional leaders anywhere in the world. Telephone equipment used at Pace can be found in any modern executive or professional office. It consists of a regular telephone to which a device the American Telephone and Telegraph Company calls a "speakerphone" is attached. The speakerphone has two tiny electronic parts: a microphone and a transmitter, permitting "hands free" talking on the telephone. This allows student-interviewers to consult or make notes without holding the receiver.

One tele-lecture resulted in an unusual field trip for five Pace students. In May 1962, international relations students of Dr. Jordan M. Young, an authority on Brazilian affairs, telephoned Governor Carlos Lacerda of Guanabara, Brazil, 5,000 miles away in Rio de Janeiro, to discuss the political and economic situation in his country. The tele-lecture took fifty minutes and cost the college $308. Dr. Lacerda was so impressed with the ability of the Pace students to think and to ask searching questions that he invited them to come to Rio de Janeiro at his personal expense. Five of the forty-seven students in the class and Dr. Young were chosen by the college to make the 10,000-mile air round trip. It was probably the longest field trip ever taken by a group of American students. The students lived with native Brazilians, dined each day with the Governor—where international problems were discussed—and interviewed many government and labor leaders.

When the students returned to the States after seventeen days of exploring the Brazilian way of life, they had to submit a term paper giving their interpretations of what they learned. The students at Pace call the tele-lecture system, "live-wire" lectures. The professors call it "living textbooks."

BRUCE HOREL,
Pace College.

New York, N.Y.

Words To Live By

JAMES CASS'S EDITORIAL of *SR*, July 18, mentions that "a number of states and local school systems are reported to be exploring ways in which the schools can introduce students to the moral values of our society and to its varied religious traditions." I'm delighted to hear it. As a high school teacher of English, I have seen evidence to convince me students have a great, and unsatisfied, appetite for moral criteria to live by.

Before I go further, let me stipulate that I concur fully with the Supreme Court's decision on Bible reading in the public schools, not only for the reasons on which their decision was based, but because Bible reading as actually implemented in many homeroom settings was an insult to literature—let alone religion! Ten verses chosen carelessly and stumbled over by a student can be worse than useless; and even with the greatest of care and concern, it is difficult to find approximately two hundred excerpts—of approximately two-minute length—that are meaningful entities—that are comprehensive (even to adults). If you doubt this, *you* try.

Yet I ardently believe the presentation of moral principles to be a prime obligation of an educator, and there is ample documentation to support this as an aim of American public education. There must be some small step that can be taken. I'd like to suggest one. Why could not an interfaith group of teachers, at the invitation of our national Office of Education, compile for public school use a manual of several hundred quotations by men whose greatness of spirit all acknowledge—these to be worldwide in scope, comprehensive in time, and cosmopolitan in style and flavor.

Once compiled, the manual might be submitted to leaders of national religious groups for "clearance," then printed and made available to whatever authorities are concerned with permitting or mandating their use. It is my opinion that such readings, prefaced by identification and followed by a brief period of silence, for contemplation, could have real moral impact on the days they began, for both students *and* their harried teachers.

VIRGINIA T. LE SUEUR.

Meadville, Pa.

Subway Stop

WE MUST FORGIVE the good Mr. Evans, "A British English Teacher in the Bronx" [*SR*, July 18], for a mistake he made. If he "stepped off a subway at Bedford Park Boulevard station" he would have been at Hunter College, not the Bronx High School of Science. They are about two miles apart. Either way (or at either station) he was correct—for at both he really would have seen "a crowd of bright, intelligent-looking young people."

JOSEPH N. FEINSTEIN.

Sherman Oaks, Calif.

SR and the Whole Man

AS A SCHOOLMAN, I have just spent many hours on one of my favorite projects—clipping out the Education Supplements for the past year and binding them into a special book to which I may have reference easily. In order to conserve and preserve the wisdom in these pages, I might suggest to you that these gems of educational lore be collected in a separate binder for us schoolmen who value them so highly.

There is no publication on either side of the Atlantic that can even approach *SR* for its usefulness to the "whole man." If I had to be faced with the ultimate necessity of being allowed one publication, and one only, there would be no hesitancy on my part in choosing *SR*. You are making an inestimable contribution to the culture of America with *Saturday Review*. Long may you publish this mirror of our civilization!

JACK H. CAUM,
Henrik J. Krebs School.

Wilmington, Del.

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A COLLEGE IN THE ISLANDS

By DAVID C. STEWART, *who is Secretary of the Joint Council on Educational Broadcasting and has been working on a study related to the activities of the College of the Virgin Islands.*

THE U.S. Virgin Islands—St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John—have a combined population of only 35,000, about 85 per cent Negro. When the U.S. purchased these islands from Denmark in 1917 for $25,000,000 in gold, the most significant item on the American agenda was anti-submarine warfare. Thus, for some years, a succession of naval officers governed the islands. Since then civilian governorship has changed with the shifting tides of mainland politics (the governor serves at the pleasure of the President).

Until a few years ago, education in the Islands languished, as one governor after another appointed new Commissioners of Education. Under the Danes the literacy rate was 98 per cent; after nearly fifty years of American rule it has slipped to 87 per cent. On the U.S. mainland the public school drop-out rate is about 30 per cent; in the Virgin Islands it is more than 60 per cent. The tropical climate is fine but the cost of living is relatively high and many public school teachers recruited on the mainland leave after only one year. The most talented Island high school graduates often continue their education on the mainland and many never return. Until recently there have not been many jobs for college graduates to return to. This drain on talent is experienced in most Caribbean islands, something that retards progress in nearly every phase of island life.

These and similar problems occupied the time of a special Governor's Conference on Higher Education in the Virgin Islands, called by Governor Ralph Paiewonsky in July 1961. About two dozen people were invited to St. Thomas to look over the situation and suggest what might be done. It is typical of the governor's own brand of pragmatism that this group of "education experts" included two well-known Washington lawyers closely associated with the Administration. One was Representative Edith Green of the House Education Committee, the other a knowledgeable foundation executive.

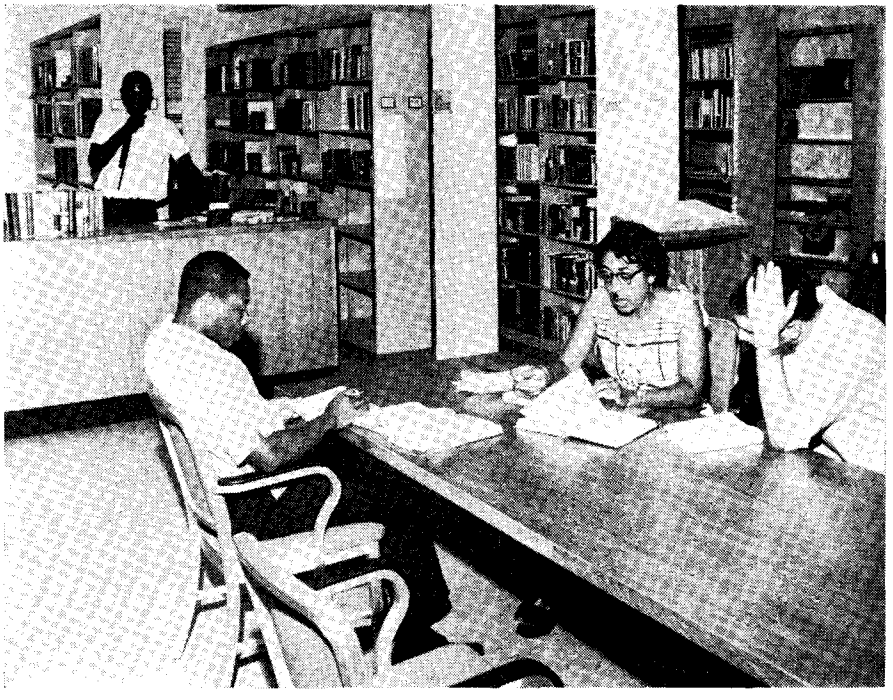
The conference recommended that the Islands establish a two-year college emphasizing a liberal arts education. But few of the conferees thought that it could be gotten under way in less than four years. The most venturesome thinking predicted that after one year of operation the College *might* have a combined full and part-time enrollment of seventy-five students.

Many of the residents of the Islands were equally pessimistic when the governor pledged in his 1961 inaugural address to establish a college. Some were plainly antagonistic. As one resident put it, "What do we need with colleges when we don't even have decent roads?" A number of taxpayers complained that it was senseless to establish a college before the Islands' Department of Education had raised the standards of the public schools to a bare minimum. The critics were saying, in effect, "Look, we're for better education, all right, but let's put first things first." Those whose views prevailed said, "There is a time for putting *second* things first." Paiewonsky, a wealthy rum merchant and native Virgin Islander, insisted that the establishment of a college was going to be the first order of business on his section of the New Frontier.

Two years (and an extraordinary amount of work and patience) later, Justice Arthur Goldberg formally opened the college to a class of more than 400, of which about forty-five were full-time students. Most of the students are Virgin Islanders, but there are some from the U.S. mainland, Canada, other Caribbean islands, South and Central America, and Africa. Current plans call for expansion from two to four years in nearly all college divisions beginning with teacher education.

The President of the college, Lawrence C. Wanlass, came to the Virgin Islands from Sacramento State College, where he was assistant to the president. Before this he was a professor of political science at Mount Holyoke. Typical of other members of the new administrative and teaching staff he is young (thirty-nine), harassed, and enthusiastic.

Sensitive to the local school problems and the fact that only a small percentage of students now graduate from the high schools, Wanlass nevertheless believes that the college will finally break an educationally unproductive chain of events. The college now represents a goal, a good reason for finishing high school. Besides, without local teacher education the schools will never reach the standards they seek. To those who say that the college is an unnecessary luxury



"The college now represents a goal for local students, a good reason for finishing high school."

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at a time when some island roads are in bad repair, Wanlass replies that the roads will *always* be in disrepair—until a better-educated population understands the reasons for keeping them in shape.

Critics of the college often ask (rhetorically), "What do we want to educate these people for, anyway? I mean, as soon as these kids have a degree they'll leave the islands. What's the sense of that?" The president agrees that plenty of youngsters who receive a local college degree are apt to leave the island, but disagrees with those who think that the college is, therefore, hardly worth it. "Unfortunately," says Wanlass, "some of this criticism comes from college graduates who are really saying, 'I've got *mine*, why should I pay for yours?' The fact is that we don't know how many will leave after graduation. But those who remain will surely be more creative people. They will be better able to appreciate what exists here and work more imaginatively with the Islands' resources."

All the same, the college does seem conscious of its provincialism—one might say its insularity—and is trying to broaden its students' experiences. One effort is a "Washington and New York Seminar" in the spring, when the entire freshman class flies to the mainland and spends a week talking with "men and women prominent in American life." The tour also includes visits to galleries, museums, and theaters. When the four-year program is in full swing, island students will probably spend one of their college years on the mainland.

While the emphasis upon a broad liberal arts education is apparent in the curriculum for full-time students, evening and extension work is heavily island-oriented. Bookkeeping and accounting courses have been enormously popular. Jim Tillett, a successful Island designer, teaches a course in silk screening. In the heart of the burgeoning Caribbean tourist industry (more than 200 cruise ships sailed into St. Thomas's harbor last year), the college is giving appropriate attention to courses in tourist services, including hotel management.

Two years at the college (annual budget now about $600,000, appropriated by the Island legislature) is a financial bargain even for U.S. mainland residents. A small faculty is experienced and creative if not "distinguished." The concentration is upon teaching, not research. The present ratio of faculty to full-time students is one to five. Annual tuition for Virgin Islanders is $201, for others $501. Room and board (all full-time students are expected to live on campus) is $540 for the academic year.

The new college is aware of the presence of older Caribbean institutions like the University of Puerto Rico, Inter-American University (also in Puerto Rico), and the University of the West Indies in Jamaica (which operates an enterprising extension service throughout the West Indies). In press releases the college makes self-conscious reference to itself as "the first non-sectarian, American-oriented, English-speaking college in the Caribbean area."

It is indeed the only American college in a geographical area beset by economic and political problems of every description: Cuba, Panama, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic, not to mention the breakup of the West Indian Federation. Because of its strategic location and because of the goals it has set, the college seems destined to exert great influence throughout the Caribbean.

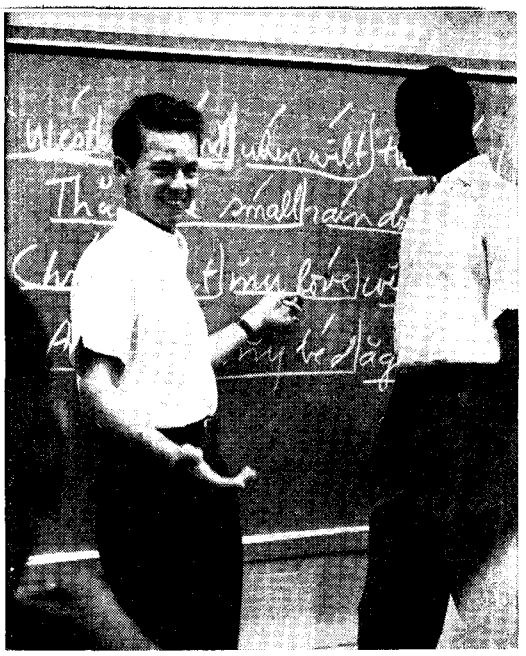
Wanlass and his board of trustees express a profound interest in serving the whole Caribbean area. A scholarship program for the Leeward and Windward Islands has just been established. The college has also created a Caribbean Affairs Institute to encourage area research. "The college," says Wanlass, "should play a key role in forming the kind of Caribbean society which will nurture a stable middle class. It should make something lasting possible. Unlike the supply of pure economic aid, our efforts should leave a lasting wake."

One of Governor Paiewonsky's strongest enthusiasms is the plan for an International Training Center operated by the college, training students from developing countries as well as American teachers who will be working in these countries. The college has already trained two groups of Peace Corps volunteers.

The arguments for and against establishing the college, the problems of launching and maintaining it, and its goals in an economically depressed area are not unlike the arguments, problems, and goals in many new nations all over the globe. What is learned about higher education in the Virgin Islands may prove to be of more practical value to developing countries—particularly African countries—than lessons learned from more "established" U.S. colleges and universities. Not long ago a vice president of a large mainland university put it this way: "We get dozens of leaders and specialists in African education, all eager to learn modern American ways. After a few months of observation they say, 'This is fine. You have marvelously complex and efficient colleges and universities. But what I have learned here has very little relevance to the problems I face in Africa.' I'm not saying that the Virgin Islands are exactly like Kenya or Tanganyika, but they are certainly more like these places than metropolitan USA."

An independent study has just been completed indicating the feasibility of establishing at the college a learning resources center that would provide instruction for leaders in the effective use of television, films, tape recorders, language laboratories, and other "new media" devices. One of the persons working on the study recently asked President Wanlass why it would not make good sense to put these new college activities and others on a ship or a converted Navy personnel barge. If you are an island-based college, deeply committed to educational extension work in the Caribbean, his argument ran, why not float one of your buildings—and take it on a scheduled tour of other Caribbean islands for six months of the year?

Putting second things first? Well, maybe. But by this time President Wanlass is used to the idea.



"Most of the students are Virgin Islanders, but there are some from the U.S. mainland, Canada, other Caribbean Islands, South and Central America, and Africa."

"The college does seem conscious of its provincialism and is trying to broaden its students' experiences."

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—UNESCO.

Education in the Developing Nations

To the emerging nations of the world, the 1960s have come to be known as the Development Decade —a period during which they are laying the foundations for a long-range program of social, economic, and political growth that they hope will bring with it a better life for their teeming millions. At the heart of all the development programs is a massive effort to improve the quality and quantity of education, for the underdeveloped nations have learned by observation and experience that an educated citizenry is the key to achievement of their goals. The United Nations Economic, Social and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) has played a leading role in helping the emerging nations to plan and launch their education programs. This and the accompanying article describe some of the progress and plans of the countries in Latin America and Africa.

1. Planning for Education in Latin America

By RENE MAHEU, *the Director-General of UNESCO.*

TODAY there is growing agreement among traditional economists that education is the cornerstone on which all development in the emerging countries must rest. It is clear, however, that only careful planning can make education a sound investment and thus open up new opportunities for progress through international assistance and cooperation. That is why UNESCO has actively encouraged the introduction of educational planning in individual countries in many parts of the world.

Among the many nations that are giving priority to the principle of educational planning, those in Latin America are moving most rapidly. Historically, this movement began at the Regional Conference of Ministers of Education, held in Lima, Peru, in 1956 under the auspices of UNESCO and the Organization of American States. Resolutions adopted at this meeting emphasized the importance of over-all educational plans and their administration and financing in order to cope with the serious educational problems of the region. Colombia, which introduced the resolutions, was the first to establish an educational planning office capable of preparing systematic plans. Today, eight years after the conference, eighteen countries have created similar offices.

The reasons for this rapid development are many, but undoubtedly the following factors are among the most important:

- Growing awareness of the strong influence education has on economic development and of the close relationship between educational programs and plans for economic and social development.
- The expectation that long-term edu-

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cational planning would counterbalance the chronic discontinuity of policy that is evident today.

- The increasing proportion of public funds devoted to education in Latin-American countries, which made Ministers of Education and Finance more aware of the necessity for avoiding waste through careful planning and educational reforms.
- The lack of adequate priorities in national budgets among the different levels of education.
- The social pressure coming from populations that have been deprived of education and know that education is a means to mobility.

All of these factors have forced educational administrators to apportion their limited funds so as to strike the best possible balance between educational objectives and global development of the country. This is what planning aims at.

Since Latin America differs from other parts of the world, the concept of educational planning there also differs from that prevailing in other regions. In Latin America, planning is considered an instrument to ensure the realization of educational policy that requires broad and rapid expansion of popular literacy, and of primary and secondary education. In general, higher education is not included in national educational plans because most universities are autonomous. Planning also tries to adjust to the needs of a modern world and therefore must take into account basic reforms in curriculum and administration. On the other hand, planning cannot and should not assume all the responsibilities. Effective progress can be achieved only when the entire educational administrative structure in the country is well organized as well as cooperative with the planning office.

The objectives of educational planning in Latin America, then, are both qualitative and quantitative, while in most of the countries of Europe the first emphasis in planning has been given to capital investment in school building and to the related programs of teacher training. Industrial countries also have more specific and pressing needs for professionals and technicians.

In Europe an endeavor has been made, through educational and manpower planning, to forecast educational attainments and the magnitude of the student population at the three levels of schooling. In Latin America, although the assessment of manpower requirements is becoming increasingly necessary as an aid to educational planning as well as to industrialization and agrarian reform, this type of survey has been hampered by the lack of adequate data on the labor force and on the medium-range prospects of industrial development.

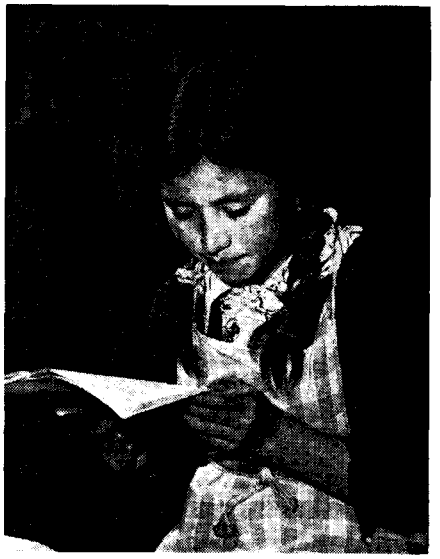
Educational administrators in Latin America are essentially faced with two immediate tasks: the extension of universal primary education and upgrading the productivity of secondary and higher education. And obviously, both of these call for the kind of planning being worked out at present in this region.

Despite the general acceptance of the idea of over-all educational planning in Latin America, however, a careful analysis of the actual steps taken to date shows that only a few countries have drawn up comprehensive educational plans. The most positive achievements have taken the form of objective diagnoses of the educational situation, and of a great improvement in the collection of factual and statistical data concerning education. As a secondary effect, public opinion has become acquainted with the problems of education. Only partial and short-term plans can yet be reported, and these mainly are concerned with the extension of primary education.

There are various reasons for these limited achievements. One, probably the most important, is the shortage of personnel sufficiently qualified for the responsibilities involved in educational planning. The inadequacy of statistical data has been another handicap, as well as the lack of research on manpower needs, competition between the educational planning offices and the administrative services, and finally, the absence of continuity in the high command of education.

In order to obtain a realistic view of the management of educational planning in Latin America, it may be useful to describe briefly the organization of a typical educational planning office and the characteristics of a concrete plan. For the first, Colombia provides a good example; for the second, Mexico is a clear model.

The Educational Planning Office of Colombia encompasses three different elements: basic services, specialized services, and advisers. The basic services, which constitute the more permanent section of the Ministry of Education, include a technical section for educational programing, school administration and organization, and three sections dealing with statistics and analysis, educational documentation, and the economics of education. These specialized services are provided for in primary education, secondary education, vocational and technical education, training of teachers and professors, and preparation of textbooks and teaching materials. The number and nature of the specialists vary according to the specific demands at the different stages of planning. The advisers to the Educational Planning Office are representatives of the Ministry of Education (heads of divisions of primary, secondary, adult education, and



—*Fujihira (Monkmeyer).*

Chile—Mapuche Indian girl studying in her local school.

—*UNESCO.*

Bolivia—Students study outdoors while awaiting completion of a new school building.

—*UNESCO.*

Ecuador—Children in a Quito School learn how rain is formed.

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similar experts), of the Central Economic Planning Office, and of the Universities. The most important function of these advisers is to enforce a better co-ordination between educational planning and educational administration, and also between education and over-all economic planning.

Mexico's eleven-year plan for primary education was initiated in 1959, under the leadership of the Minister of Education, Dr. Jaime Torres Bodet, former Director-General of UNESCO. It is not strictly speaking an over-all plan, since its objective is mainly to solve the problem of primary school enrollment. Its targets could be thought to be very ambitious, but the results so far have been impressive, even exceeding the original forecasts. The following figures show some of the accomplishments of this plan:

ENROLLMENT increased between 1958 and 1963 by 1,989,534 pupils, while 23,665 classrooms were built from 1959 to 1963. There was an increase of 1,007,000,000 pesos in the budget for education between 1963 and 1964. Between 1958 and 1963 some 37,309 new teaching posts were created, and 10,400 primary teachers graduated each year. The administration has been decentralized through the creation of six regional offices, and the supervisory organization has been improved by the creation of 300 posts of educational inspector. The primary school curriculum has been revised, and the school lunch service has been extended to 3,000,000 children.

UNESCO has contributed heavily to the introduction of this kind of educational planning activity in Latin America. Seminars and meetings have been held in order to elaborate a doctrinal outline for educational planning. (The Washington Seminar in co-operation with the Organization of American States in 1958, the Bogota Seminar in 1960, the Conference on Education and Economic and Social Development in Santiago in 1962, are examples.)

Each of these meetings had its own special features. The seminar in Washington was the first attempt to establish a guide, both doctrinal and practical, for educational planning in Latin America. The seminar in Bogota was centered on the analysis of the economic and social problems of education in the region, relating these to educational planning, and simultaneously on the intensive training of specialists. The conference in Santiago de Chile, which brought together Ministers and experts, was a crucial event that made a great impact on the educational policy of Latin American countries.

As a participating agency in the U.N. Expanded Program of Technical Assistance, UNESCO has disbursed substantial funds to the countries of Latin America for educational planning. In some countries, UNESCO experts have participated in the establishment of educational planning offices, in the training of national personnel, and in the preparation of educational plans. This action has been reinforced by a team of itinerant experts who, by means of short missions, have advised governments on the general, financial, and statistical aspects of their national plans.

But the most important activity of UNESCO has been the training of specialists in educational planning. In this field an agreement has been concluded between UNESCO and the United Nations Latin American Institute for Economic and Social Planning in Santiago de Chile, according to which an Educational Planning Section operates within the Institute to develop three main activities bearing on educational planning: training of planning personnel, research, and advisory services to Latin American countries. Two training courses of four months' duration were conducted in 1962 and in 1963, attended by sixty participants from all Latin American countries and financed mainly through fellowships granted by the U.N. and AID. The curricula covered economic and social problems relating to education, techniques of educational planning, analyses of educational systems, comparative education, statistics, and financing. Nearly all the participants are now employed in national educational planning offices.

UNESCO has also assigned to Latin America several educational investment programing missions consisting of integrated teams of specialists in economics and education. These missions have helped to prepare individual projects that qualify for international aid. At the same time they have submitted recommendations to the individual governments relating to possible reforms in the educational system.

But little will ultimately be achieved without the active participation of the governments themselves. The impact produced by the UNESCO Major Project for primary education in Latin America should not be measured in terms of the Organization's co-ordinating action alone. This Project, which aims at the extension of primary education, the promotion and improvement of educational planning, pre-service and in-service training of teachers, revision of curricula and syllabuses, and the training of education specialists, was projected for a period of ten years starting in 1957. If the enrollment in primary education in Latin America as a whole increased from 1957 to 1963 by 10,000,000 pupils, this huge leap forward has only been made possible by the expansion of the education systems and budgets accepted by the Latin American governments and by the devotion of administrators and teachers. It is this massive, continent-wide movement that is both the justification and the reward of UNESCO's efforts to inculcate the doctrine of sound educational planning in national development.

Paraguay—Caaguazu village school with seventy-seven children and one teacher.

—UNESCO.

Colombia—Literacy school for adults and children using lessons broadcast by radio.

—UNESCO.

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2. *Priorities in African Education*

By JAMES AVERY JOYCE, *a British barrister and consultant to UNESCO who writes on U.N. affairs for British and American publications. His most recent book, "The Story of International Cooperation," will be published in October.*

BY THE end of this year the Development Decade will be half over, and the United Nations Economic and Social Council is considering plans to step up the effort to achieve the Decade's goals by 1970.

In brief, the underdeveloped nations have set out to achieve as quickly as possible a *minimum* annual growth of 5 per cent in their national incomes. Beginning with education and training, they aim at increasing food production, exploiting natural resources, promoting industrial development and better housing, developing science and technology, expanding international trade, and many other things. For these purposes external aid in every shape and form has to be intensified on a broad front. At a rough estimate, this all-purpose attempt at prosperity planning would mean raising the flow of capital and assistance to between $4 billion and $5 billion a year above present levels.

But why did the effort have to begin with education?

Simply because the mobilization of human resources is a precondition for carrying out any of the material objectives of the Decade. "The unutilized talents of their people constitute the chief present waste, and the chief future hope, of the developing countries," stated the original U.N. document initiating the Decade: "High priority must accordingly be given to establishing educational systems adapted to the economic and social needs of the developing countries."

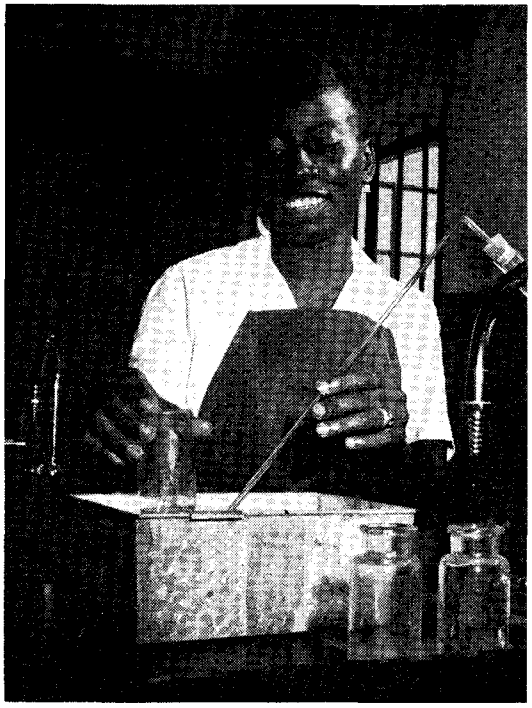
Behind these abstract phrases lies not merely a philosophy of education, but a methodology of action. New projects to open up natural resources in Africa, Asia, and Latin America call for the expansion of cartographic services, the preparation of surveys of water supply, the intensification of mineral exploration, the planning of future energy needs, the development of small power units in rural areas, and a host of other tasks of preliminary planning. If the annual goal of a growth of 5 per cent in aggregate incomes is to be met, manufacturing output alone in the developing countries will have to increase by no less than 130 per cent. "Industrialization" is now the most talked-of fetish at international conferences.

Universal education has thus suddenly swung into the fore-front of national enterprise on every level. An illiterate and untrained population cannot cope with modern economics or technology. Between 19,000,000 and 24,000,000 dwellings must be built annually throughout the Decade in Africa, Asia, and Latin America to eliminate existing shortages, as well as to house the increase in the population. The construction of transport and communication networks, the expansion of international trade, and all the other objectives of the Decade call for a planned education—elementary, secondary, technical, and higher—of an entirely different order than has ever happened before.

The magnitude of the education task is staggering. Nearly 1.5 billion persons live in the underdeveloped nations, and some 700 million of them of school age or over cannot read or write. And mere literacy is not enough. The vast numbers of workers who are needed to fill highly skilled occupations must have intensive vocational training as well. At least one million people must be trained as top-level administrators, professional workers, executives, managers, and middle-level technicians. All underdeveloped countries share a pitiable shortage of high level manpower—scientists, agronomists, engineers, administrators, business leaders, doctors, and, of course, teachers.

"There is, everywhere in the underdeveloped world, a tremendous hunger for learning," says Paul G. Hoffman, Managing Director of the U.N. Special Fund. "The people and their leaders know well that, if they are to modernize, they must channel into economic development the 'magic ingredients' of education and training. People voluntarily turn out in multitudes to erect school buildings. When a school opens to serve one area, children from nearby areas where no school is yet available will walk miles just to hang around the doorway, or sit on the window ledge, in hopes of overhearing a bit of the precious mystery which is happening in the class."

When UNESCO launched its major campaign five years ago, it estimated that, in tropical Africa alone, about 17,000,000 children were without classroom space; and that, even so, fewer than 5 per cent of the children who did attend primary school could go on to secondary school; while fewer than one per cent of all those attending school could enroll in vocational training institutes. At the same time, between 80 and 85 per cent of the adult population was illiterate. To achieve even a 75 per cent increase in primary school enrollment and a doubling of secondary school and university enrollment, at least 450,000 teachers would have to be trained.



—Fujihira (Monkmeyer).

"At least a million Africans must be trained as top-level administrators, professional workers, executives, managers, and middle-level technicians." (College of West Africa in Liberia.)

This was the essence of the problem across Asia as well, when large-scale action began under UNESCO initiative. In December 1959, a meeting of representatives of Asian states was held in Karachi. They drew up, for their own region, a plan of educational development aiming at universal primary education by 1980. Ministers of education of all the Asian states met again in Tokyo in April 1962, in association with the Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East, to put the final touches to the "Karachi Plan," relating it to the Development Decade proposals for their area.

About the same time, UNESCO conducted an expert enquiry into the educational needs of the Arab States. In February 1960, ministers of education met at Beirut and unanimously recommended educational planning for their own region, along the Karachi lines. This was followed by a Conference of all the African states and territories held at Addis Ababa in May 1961, which approved unanimously a similar plan aiming at universal primary education for all African children by 1980—the "Addis Ababa Plan." Educational needs were studied at the national and regional levels, and a framework of decisions regarding the levels of educational development to be achieved by 1970-1971 was then established, namely, that

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70 per cent of the children of age group 6-12 will be in primary schools (1961 level 40 per cent); 15 per cent of the appropriate age group in secondary schools (3 per cent); and 0.4 per cent of the appropriate age group in universities (0.2 per cent).

The target set at Addis Ababa in 1961 for enrollment in the primary schools of African nations is likely to be met by the due date. It called for an increase of 15.8 per cent enrollment in primary schools between 1962 and 1965. Taking into account forecasts for the next two years, the increase is actually expected to be 15.2 per cent. Progress is less marked in secondary education. The Addis Ababa Plan called for an increase of 46 per cent in secondary school enrollment by 1965. The current expectation is an increase of only 39 per cent. It can be noted, however, that most African countries are now setting up an increasing number of general secondary schools, which provide courses of from three to four years duration. Schools of this type are often better adapted to actual needs, and in an early stage of development are adequate to train urgently needed personnel for government offices and the administration of the local economy.

Perhaps the most significant factor hindering the over-all development of secondary education in Africa has been a shortage of qualified teachers. In some countries, 90 per cent of the secondary school teachers are nationals of non-African countries, supplied for the most part under bilateral aid programs. Such assistance, even if it continues for several years, will never be entirely adequate. International action is now playing a decisive role in this field, however. Teacher training colleges have been founded with UNESCO and Special Fund aid in Mali, Nigeria, Ivory Coast, and the Congo (Leopoldville), which will provide Africa with more than 1,500 qualified teachers every year.

Happily, technical and government schools and apprenticeship centers, which three years ago were almost nonexistent in African nations, are also springing up rapidly, not only in the large towns but also in many rural communities. Three new universities are being organized in Stanleyville, Rwanda, and Northern Rhodesia. Two years ago, tropical Africa had thirty-two universities. Within a few years, every African state will want its own institutions.

Nevertheless, there are prestige pressures that must be resisted if today's urgent priorities are to be met. A magnificent university campus may show how advanced the country is; but if limited resources are poured into costly buildings, educational expansion is slowed down. Hence, secondary schools must take precedence over university education. Moreover, universities must have a firm underpinning of secondary schools. Advanced studies in foreign universities, aided by government scholarships, may well provide an immediate answer, until the secondary schools have been developed.

It is of particular interest that, in spite of the severe handicaps imposed by the political situation, the Congo (Leopoldville) has experienced an educational resurgence that underscores the efficacy of outside aid of the right kind. Secondary school enrollment has risen to 85,000 in 1963-1964, compared with 28,900 in 1959-1960. Helping to make the increase possible have been over 800 teachers recruited from twenty-nine countries with UNESCO's aid and paid from the United Nations Fund for the Congo. Others have been provided through bilateral aid and by religious organizations. In all, some 3,300 internationally recruited teachers are in the Congo in the current school year. An annual increase is expected to be necessary until 1967. UNESCO also sent mobile teams into fourteen areas of the Congo to offer advance training to some 1,600 primary school teachers in their own localities. Vehicles, audio-visual aids, and other supplies were provided by the United Nations Children's Fund. Experts have worked, too, with the Congolese Government in staffing teacher-training institutions, adapting curricula to current needs, obtaining imported textbooks, inspecting schools, and organizing courses for Ministry of Education personnel.

IN the past three years, Africa has indeed become a vast laboratory for educational planning techniques. An Institute for Economic Development and Planning has been established in Dakar by the U.N. Economic Commissions for Africa, to train the specialists needed by the various nations. UNESCO has sent missions of experts in educational planning to twenty-one countries in response to requests from governments. These teams of experts, comprising from three to six members, were first sent in 1961 and 1962 to Upper Volta, Sierra Leone, Cameroon, Somalia, Tanganyika, Rwanda and Burundi, and the Ivory Coast; and, since the beginning of 1963 similar missions have been sent to Madagascar and Uganda. Others are shortly to visit Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia, Mali, and the Congo (Brazzaville). Not least, the International Institute for Educational Planning at Paris is now training a first contingent of high-level educational personnel and economists along the interdisciplinary lines that planning requires.

The U.N. General Assembly, at its eighteenth session last December, voted a resolution that calls for national and international efforts to wipe out illiteracy within the framework of overall development plans. This means that the eradication of illiteracy has become an integral and inseparable part of the whole economic, social, and cultural development of mankind. This principle is very important for Africa, where primary, secondary, and university education is closely related to, and depends in large measure upon, extension of literacy throughout the region.

In certain African countries, adult education is being planned as an extension of the school system and as the responsibility of the Ministry of Education; in others, it is linked with community development. In some areas, the school teacher is the main agent of adult education in the village; and in others, community workers and the staffs of various departments are so engaged.

Most African governments have already taken responsibility for adult literacy and mass education work; others have given strong support to non-governmental agencies, ranging from university extramural departments to trade unions, youth and women's organizations. The Addis Ababa Conference stated: "The primary responsibility for the promotion and development of adult education in each country should belong to the government. There is, however, room for a wide variety of organizations and for the collaboration of many organizations concerned with adult education."

The total cost of a literacy program of ten months' duration in Africa (based on the estimated cost per person enrolled of $7.35) for all African member states has been estimated at $514 million, according to a document submitted by UNESCO to the United Nations' Economic and Social Council. The figure assumes the enrollment in literacy courses of some 70,000,000 illiterates between the ages of fifteen and fifty. If the literacy campaign is to extend for a period over ten years, the cost comes to just over $50,000,000 per year. This figure may be compared with the estimated annual national income of approximately $30 billion in 1965 for all these African countries, and with a rough estimate of $2.5 billion annual expenditures for all education. Thus, the annual claim on current resources for the proposed adult literacy programs comes to about 2 per cent of the anticipated total annual education budget of these countries.

Audio-visual media, such as television, radio, films, film-strips, posters, and the illustrated printed page, offer vast possibilities for the attack on illiteracy. But to meet particular social and educational needs, their use requires thorough experimentation in an African country. Modern techniques cannot be

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transferred mechanically from one society into another without considering local traditions and customs, as well as physical surroundings and ways of life. Consequently, UNESCO will establish this year in Senegal a pilot project for the production, utilization, and evaluation of a broad range of audio-visual media and materials, with special emphasis on educational television, for adult education. This pilot project is planned for a period of six years and the laboratory will be located at the Centre for Mass Information and Education in Dakar.

The Dakar pilot scheme will thus be a field laboratory in the introduction of effective new methods and techniques of adult education to meet the specific economic, social, and cultural needs of Senegal. But, in the long run, the project will also be a demonstration and training center for other French-speaking countries of Africa. The new experimental television station, especially, will be designed to provide guidance on the use of this fast-spreading modern medium of communication under African conditions. Among the subjects covered will be languages and literacy teaching, health education, professional and vocational training, and agricultural education of the rural population.

Training in politics and economics lies at the heart of this great African venture. The Institute of Development and Planning began working last November in temporary buildings in Dakar with nine tutors and twenty-five students. Eighteen African countries have so far made pledges to contribute to the counterpart funds, and the U.N.'s Special Fund has approved the project for support. Some of the best candidates of this first year's course will be offered fellowships to foreign countries, if their governments agree, to enable them to gain practical experience in planning offices and research institutions. Special courses and seminars will be arranged to enable political leaders and officials to examine the implications of the various activities that may contribute to economic integration in Africa. The curriculum has been drawn up with the help of experts from France, USSR, United Kingdom, United States, and Poland, and assistance in the form of books and lectures has been promised by several countries. "The Dakar Institute should produce men who are intellectually and technically trained, but who are not converts to particular ideologies," says Robert K. A. Gardiner, Executive-Secretary of the Economic Commission for Africa.

The Secretariat of ECA has organized a training unit that will soon publish a handbook of facilities available to Afri-

(*Continued on page* 68)

—United Nations.

"Universal education has suddenly swung to the forefront of national enterprise on every level." (Primary school in Senegal)

—Monkmeyer.

"Mobilization of human resources is a precondition for carrying out any of the material objectives of the Development Decade." (Middle School in Nigeria)

"The magnitude of the education task is staggering." (Literacy class in Liberia)

—Fujihira (Monkmeyer).

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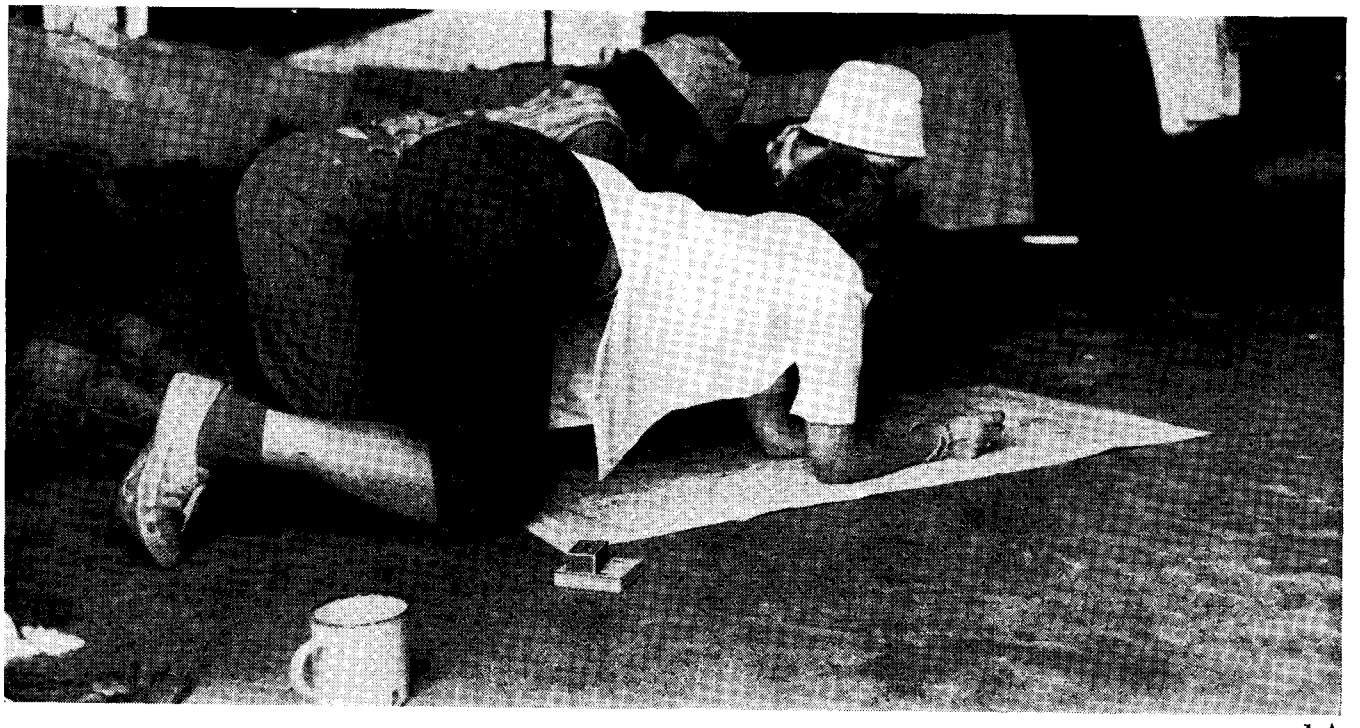

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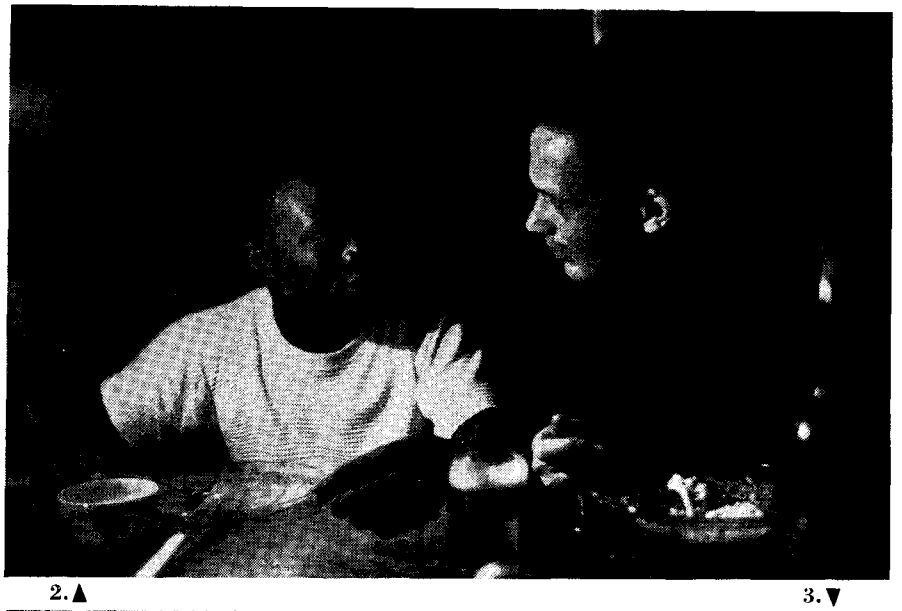

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OPERATION CROSSROADS AFRICA

Photos by Thecla

FIVE years ago Operation Crossroads Africa sent the first contingent of sixty American college students to five African countries to work, live, and learn with young Africans of their own age. This summer 311 young Americans are spending the summer months in nineteen African nations.

Privately supported, Operation Crossroads was conceived in 1954 by Dr. James H. Robinson, Presbyterian pastor of a Harlem church, who believed that young Americans should be involved in the critical events of a changing world. The program has the support of eighty-five cooperating American and Canadian educational institutions—mostly colleges and universities.

Crossroads is no joy ride or luxurious safari: students usually wind up in villages, not cities, and work with pick and shovel to build schoolhouses or roads. Projects are determined in advance by the host government or sponsoring citizens, in cooperation with the Crossroads staff. Villagers and workers,

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as well as African students, are often included.

Selection of Crossroaders is rigorous, requiring among other things a term paper on some aspect of Africa. Furthermore, each participant must pay at least half of his way as a token of his commitment. But this does not limit the program to the well-to-do: Crossroaders of every economic level have found ways to raise the necessary funds. Because of the stringent selection process, few Crossroaders have not made the grade—only thirteen out of more than 1,300 in the first five years.

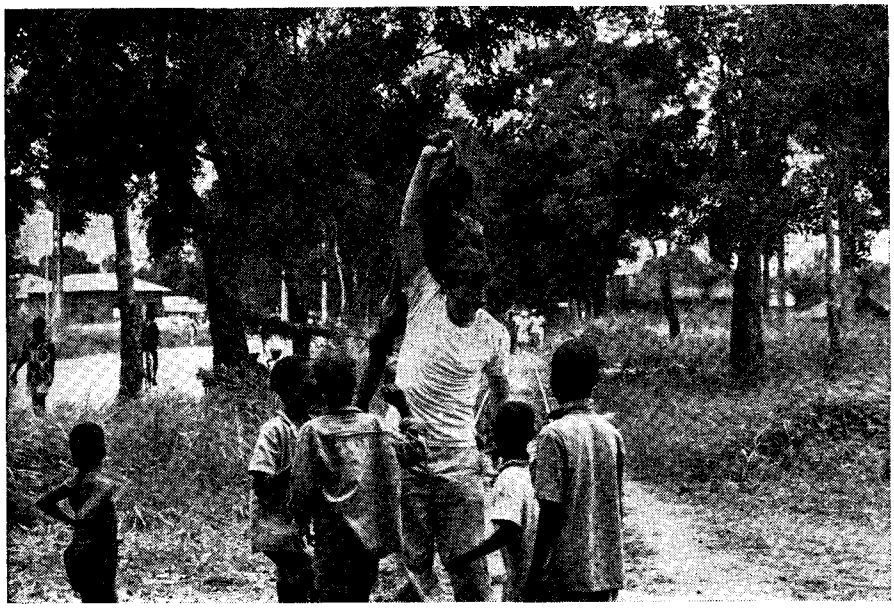
While the Americans are learning to live in their host country, the African students learn the dignity of manual labor—that it is not demeaning, even for educated people. From this discovery have grown African student self-help programs and voluntary workcamps. "This is perhaps the most significant impact Crossroads has had," Dr. Robinson believes.

A predecessor and one of the models for the Peace Corps, Operation Crossroads has continued to grow since the new program's initiation. Why?

According to Dr. Robinson, Crossroads achieves certain things the Peace Corps cannot. First of all, he says, we get people at a younger age, as undergraduates, before career choices are made. The Crossroads experience creates a reservoir of young people aware and concerned with Africa. Thirty per cent are already either back in Africa, or are studying in preparation for service in or related to Africa.

Secondly, Dr. Robinson says, because we are a summer group returning annually, we tackle a wider variety of projects that need to be done and can be done on a short-term basis. Then, too, because we are a non-government organization, we can often move with greater speed and less suspicion. We run into less red tape, and we can go into countries despite the current flux of diplomatic difficulties. That we are a voluntary and unofficial group is often as important as what we do.

New ideas for the improvement of Crossroads continue to flourish. This year for the first time young Africans—former co-leaders of Crossroads projects—have been brought to this country on a kind of reverse Crossroads. As Dr. Robinson puts it, "It is another step in the most important task in a shrinking world, bringing together people across all the old crumbling barriers of nation, culture and race."



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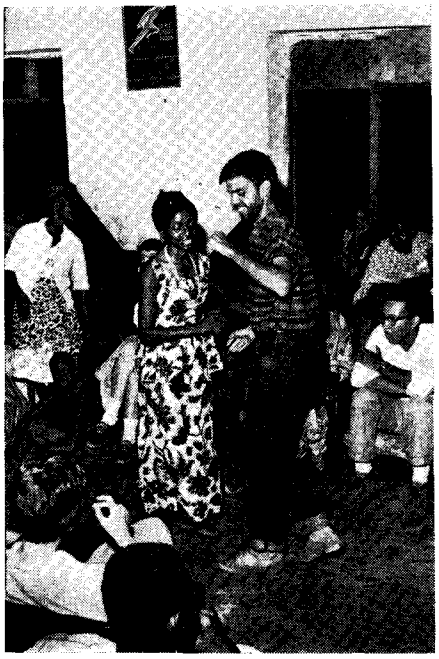

1. Togo
2. Nigeria
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—*French Embassy Press & Information Div.*

"Strikes have been held in all of the French universities to dramatize overcrowded conditions."

FRENCH HIGHER EDUCATION

By HOYT H. PURVIS, *reporter for the Houston Chronicle who spent 1962-63 in France as a Rotary Foundation Fellow.*

MOST Americans have a ready-made mental picture of a French university student. He's a sort of scholastic superman, always serious-minded, and a paragon of individualism. One might imagine such a student all alone, engrossed in one of Sartre's books, or perhaps engaged in a political debate with a bearded, pipe-smoking fellow idealist.

Certainly there are French students who would do full justice to just such an image. But anyone placing faith in the belief that all French students, or even the majority, fall into this category, has not seen the French student of the Sixties.

The contemporary French youth might be a dedicated student, but he is unlikely to be the kind who isolates himself for serious concentration. To begin with, crowded conditions in the universities and related facilities create close-quarter situations that make isolation almost impossible. It may be pushing the students to a group conformity vastly different from the free-willed independence of their predecessors. It is hard for a student to maintain individualism when he is one of the mass who must arrive early or push hard to beat fellow students into the classroom or the student restaurant to insure himself a place.

Overcrowding is a problem that is hitting the French educational system from top to bottom, with the impact only in its initial stages. Throughout France, parents, writers, and educators are bemoaning the situation. Many of them strongly criticize President Charles de Gaulle's *force de frappe* and believe that the funds ticketed for nuclear strength should instead go toward solving educational and other social problems. The simple truth is that the current university facilities are being overrun. This was not unforeseeable in view of France's upsurge in births just after the war. And the problem is only beginning: by 1970 there will be at least 500,000 students.

Harried government officials hope to have doubled the accommodations by then. Meanwhile one of de Gaulle's famous committees of "wisemen" is supposed to come up with some more immediate solutions. The load is alleviated somewhat by the opening of three new universities—at Reims, Nantes, and Orléans. The Orléans institution has already been billed as a "French Oxford" and will offer especially modern and spacious facilities.

But the current products of France's centralized nationalized system of pre-university education are more concerned about the present than about the optimistic goals of the educational planners. Series of strikes have been held in all of the French universities to dramatize the cause. In various provincial university cities students have camped in the railroad stations to emphasize the housing shortage. Other such stunts have included a rugby game played by pharmacy students on the Boulevard Saint-Michel in Paris to demonstrate the need for additional sports facilities.

In November, 1963, the National Union of French Students (UNEF) called for a week-long strike by students and faculty to protest the crowded situation in Paris. To kick off the strike the UNEF planned a large rally. Plans for the November strike were well known, and the police, fearing a massive gathering, forbade the initial meeting. About 10,000 students defied the order and clashed with a force of 4,500 policemen

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in the streets of the Latin Quarter. It was the largest of the student demonstrations. Before it ended the students had been ousted from their sitting positions in the streets and a number of them wound up at the *préfecture de police* and a few in hospitals.

The major result of the strike, however, was widespread publicity for the students and this was what they wanted. It called further attention to their plight, which is extremely serious in Paris. Of some 300,000 students in nineteen universities this year, nearly half—140,000—are studying in the capital city. Enrollment for some of the large lecture sessions may be twice that of the capacity of the classroom. When one of the more popular professors, such as political scientist Maurice Duverger, is lecturing at the Sorbonne, it is necessary to attend the class held beforehand in the same room in order to have a seat for the popular lecture.

Some students organize teams and the members alternate rising early to get a class space. Then they pool notes and observations. One helpful French innovation is the *polycopié*. These duplicated copies of lectures, etc., are sold by the students' associations and help take the place of textbooks and lectures.

Henri Marrou, a history professor at the Sorbonne, backs the students in their drive for more classroom space. He says, "When I give a course, I cannot write on the blackboard without stomping on the hands of the students sitting on the platform."

Students have little opportunity for contact with the professors. Some of the teachers, as well as students, would like to change this. Professor Duverger says, "It seems absurd to me to teach a course to 1,800 students—as I am doing now—when all real contact is obviously impossible."

Another one of the most critical problems for today's students is housing. The government's Fourth Economic Plan calls for an additional 52,000 rooms by 1965, but by that time there will be more than 250,000 students who have to seek lodging outside university housing units. Furthermore, the additional rooms are going to bring a price hike, thus aggravating the problem even more.

Students who are now living in the *cité universitaire* dormitories are paying $10-$20 per month. The new rooms will cost as much as $10 more per month. The majority of students, who must seek beds anywhere they can find them, are apt to pay in the $15-$25 range, and perhaps more in Paris. This creates a real handicap for low-income groups. Statistics from Rennes exemplify the widespread problem: only 5.5 per cent of the 10,000 students live in university housing.

Because of this serious housing shortage the UNEF has called for a housing allowance for students unable to live in a *cité*. This is in addition to the efforts to obtain a "student salary." Such allowances might make it easier for more working-class children to attend school and could boost the percentage of students (only 4 per cent) from the industrial and agricultural families. Backers of the plan point out that only 16 per cent of the students currently receive direct grants, and these vary in value.

Actually, students pay amazingly little for enrolling in the universities. An undergraduate is likely to pay only $8-$15 a year in official fees. Books, of course, boost the cost some. But the student organizations are working to get additional discounts for their members by going directly to the publishers.

Still, pursuit of a higher education does cause economic hardship for many. An increasing number are taking part-time jobs, unheard of in the past. Dropouts constitute a serious problem. A recent report showed that 72 per cent of the students who enrolled in the faculties of arts and letters never received a *licence*. The UNEF believes its plans for "democratization," including the allowances and scholarships, would overcome many of these problems, and especially aid the rural and working class students who currently lack opportunity to develop their talent.

Although French students complain of their lot, Americans are often surprised at how many benefits the students already receive. Almost all cultural events—from movies to museum exhibitions—offer a student reduction. Furthermore, if the student wants to be an organization man, as more and more do, he can take advantage of group plans that offer low costs for travel, skiing expeditions, books, school supplies, and much more. There is also student insurance and social security.

Then there is the student restaurant, a true French phenomenon. Students pay 24 cents a meal in these remarkable institutions. This may seem low, but many of the students have complained since the price was boosted two cents last year. These voluminous operations feed several thousand students twice daily. The food is not exactly what made French cuisine famous, but there's usually plenty of it.

In Paris the student restaurants can be identified by the lengthy lines of hungry students waiting to gain entry. In the provinces the less-sophisticated students resort to more primitive tactics. If one spots a group of young people pushing, shoving, and engaged in a mild free-for-all, it is a good clue that the student restaurant can't be far away. The cause for action is readily discernible: in Grenoble there are 1,420 places and 16,000 students, at Montpellier there are seven students per place. Some of the restaurants impose a twelve-minute limit on student eating in order to keep traffic moving.

Some people argue that the French system should retain the structure and purpose for which it was conceived—quality education for an elite. But most agree with Duverger: "The true problem is not limiting access under the pretext of maintaining quality, but in transforming the methods to the end that this quality will be better adapted to the modern world, and will better orient the students toward the different branches of the University."

The universities are still organized

(Continued on page 69)

—French Embassy Press & Information Div.

"Student restaurants can be identified by the lengthy lines of hungry students."

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Do Not Bring Foreign Students, Unless...

By CHONG M. PAK, *a native of Korea who has spent nine years on American campuses as an undergraduate and graduate, and has served as a counselor of international students. He is currently an Associate Professor of Political Science at Carroll College, Waukesha, Wisconsin.*

FOREIGN students should not be brought to this country unless the receiving institutions are fully aware of the implications and are willing to assume the responsibilities involved in such action.

Foreign students on American campuses are no longer a novelty, yet the fundamental problems and issues relating to them do not seem to have been fully thought out. Although the number of such students represents a small proportion of the total university and college population in the United States, their experience on American campuses carries a far-reaching effect not only on the growth and development of their native countries, but on the American relations with those countries for many years to come.

Whether they recognize it or not, the role of the American universities and colleges that accept foreigners as students inevitably is twofold:

1) to provide academic training for their students from abroad, and
2) to serve indirectly as an instrument of American foreign policy.

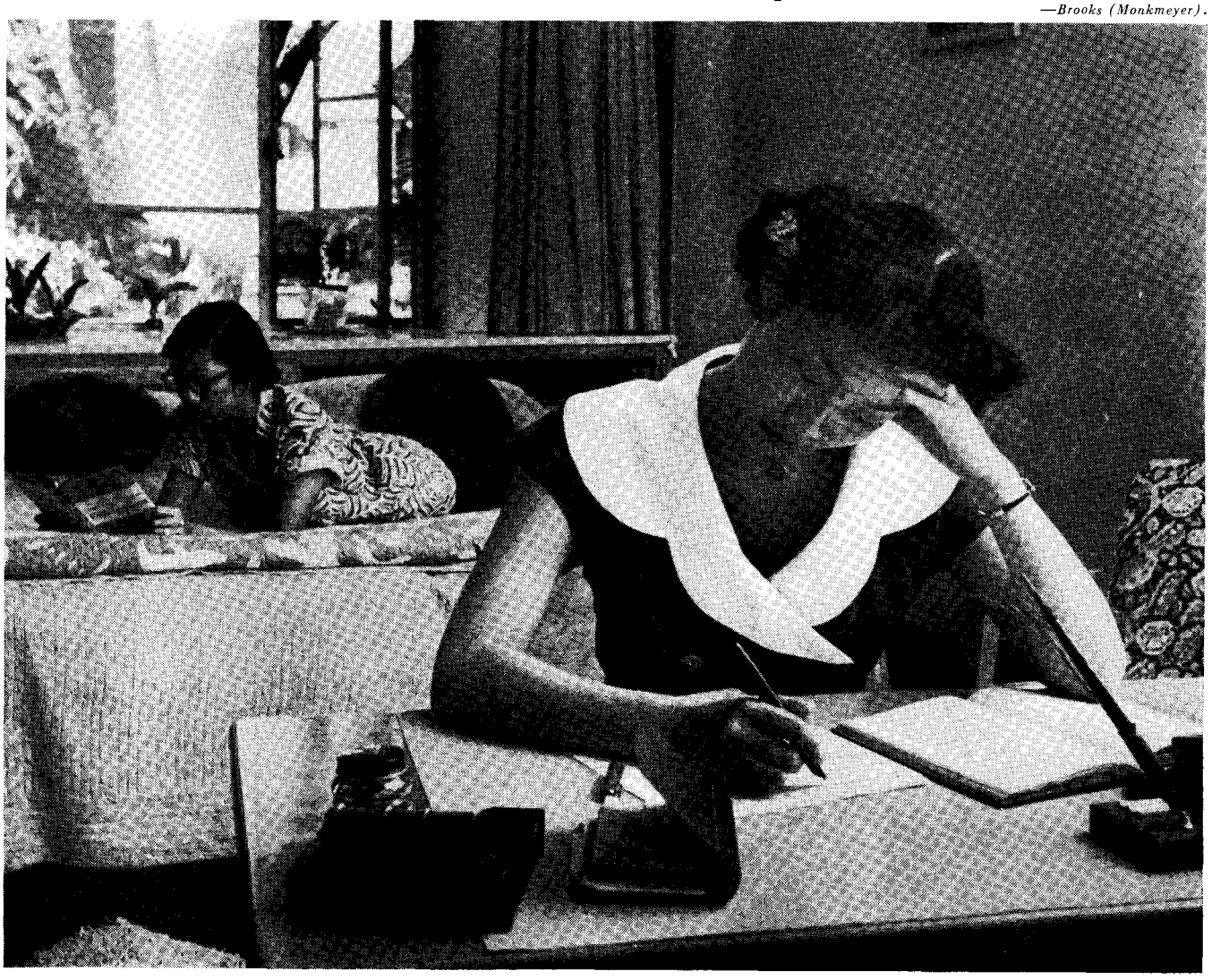
The tendency in most institutions has been to regard foreign students merely as an educational problem. But these students need more than academic training, no matter how they happen to come to this country. They need a great deal of other than academic attention.

Some argue that "we have no foreign students—just students of all nationalities." It is fine for Americans to say this, but what about the students themselves? Do they feel this way, too? Do they feel this way when they arrive at an airport without knowing a soul in the community? Do they feel this way when they have to confront strange diets not knowing the different items on the menu? What about the students who are not familiar with the language? Would they have come to this country expecting to face all of these difficulties and solve them one by one all by themselves? Do they not have a right to expect some helpful voices and hands during these moments of confusion and embarrassment?

I know many who actually did return

"How do students themselves feel in a foreign land?"

—Brooks (Monkmeyer).



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to their countries without completing their educational programs, feeling much less friendly toward the United States than they did when they came. I wonder if the United States would not be better off with uneducated friends than with educated foes.

I HAVE heard some argue that there ought to be better screening and selection of those who come to America. I have heard others say that there should be better orientation about the American educational system and the American way of life before they leave their homes. Still others assert that the best way for them to learn is the hard way. All of these observations and suggestions are good; but theory and practice may be a long way apart. Let us go a little further into each one of these suggestions to see the implications.

Better selection: Who would select these students and how? What criteria would be applied? Would Americans participate in the selection? If so, how? How are the selectors expected to deal with the political factors involved in the selection? How important are those political factors?

Better orientation: What should the potential students be told? Should they be told that they cannot expect any friendly helping hands? Should they be told that in American colleges there are just "students of all nationalities"? Foreigners must make a big decision when they come to America. Many students would rather not come if they know in advance that they will be on their own in the course of pursuing their objectives. But the fact of the matter is that they were told through various media that America is a country where friendliness is a national symbol. Are the universities and colleges prepared to live up to it?

The best way to learn is the hard way: This time-honored maxim cannot be challenged when it applies to certain matters. However, it does not have universal applicability. What people learn "the hard way" is not always useful from the standpoint of attaining primary objectives. In other words, what possible good does a student get out of moving in and out of rooming houses in a search for suitable accommodations, rather than devoting that time to study and other related activities? What possible educational value does one derive from spending all afternoon in the library in an attempt to find one book, simply because he does not know the proper procedure? What benefit does a foreign student get from spending $1.75 for a haircut for months, before learning that he can obtain the same service for $1 at the Student Union barber shop? It seems that some institutions use the maxim about "the hard way" just to escape providing the necessary services

—*Brooks (Monkmeyer)*.

"Foreign students should be encouraged to take an active part in campus life."

that can mean so much to the foreign student.

This is not an indictment of all the institutions throughout the land that receive foreign students. Some universities and colleges have been doing a commendable job. As a result, I would say that they are contributing a great deal to the betterment of American foreign relations. But the number of the universities and colleges that are providing these vital services are all too few.

There are about 58,000 foreign students in the United States today, representing 150 nations and territories of the world. A great majority of these students are the elite representatives of their societies, especially of the most modern elements. They are expected to assume future roles of leadership in their respective countries. As students, they provide an opportunity to clarify a fuzzy and sometimes distorted image of the United States and to build a solid foundation for the sound relationships with these nations for the future.

The natural question, then, is: How much assistance and what sort of services should the American institutions provide for the foreign students? The answer is simply, "just enough to equalize those factors that are essential for studying in American institutions with American students."

At present, there are some 600 colleges and universities that have designated someone to act as foreign student adviser, spending a half or more of his time on foreign student affairs. But the fact remains that even in those institutions, advisors are able to handle little more than matters brought to them by the foreign students, because of insufficient staff, facilities, and funds. Their activities should not be limited only to those matters brought to them. They should be able to go one step further and identify the needs of the students and plan the kind of activities and programs that will help the students make the most of their limited time in this country.

The matter of helping foreign students should not be a job of any one individual or any one office. The whole institution and everyone in it who comes in contact with foreign students should be aware of the responsibility and the

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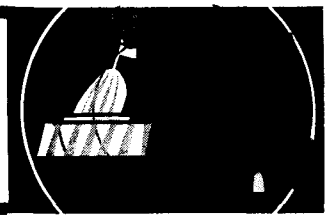
While School Keeps



Foreign students in record numbers—nearly 75,000 of them—sought higher education in the U.S. during the 1963-64 school year. According to the Institute of International Education (809 United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017) in its annual report, *Open Doors 1964*, these visiting students fanned out across the country to enroll at more than 1,800 institutions of higher learning. Countries sending the most students to American shores were Canada (8,458), India (6,387), Japan (3,220), Iran (3,162), Hong Kong (3,143), and the Republic of China (3,057). Korea, the Philippines, and Cuba all sent more than 2,000 students each, and there were another 2,300 Chinese students from countries other than the Republic of China.

The nation's great state and private universities were recipients of the largest numbers of foreign students with the University of California leading with 3,927. Howard University in Washington, D.C. enrolled the highest percentage—foreign students made up 15.8 per cent of its total enrollment of 6,805—Columbia was second with 9.4 per cent and Harvard was third with 8 per cent.

Open Doors 1964 also reports on U.S. students studying abroad in 1962-63 (the difficulty of collecting figures from universities abroad slows the process of reporting, so these figures are a year behind those for foreign students in the U.S.), totaling more than 17,000. They enrolled at more than 400 institutions in sixty-four foreign countries. Most popular countries for U.S. exchange students were Mexico (3,264), Canada (2,308), United Kingdom (1,635), France (1,633), Germany (1,460), Spain (1,085). Next most popular were Vatican City State, Switzerland, Philippines, Japan, Belgium, Austria, and Israel.

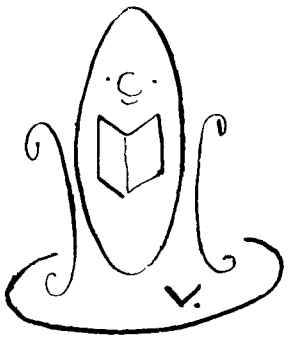
In addition to reporting on foreign students in the U.S. and American students studying abroad, *Open Doors 1964* also gives figures on foreign scholars in U.S. institutions (8,377 from 107 countries), foreign physicians training in U.S. hospitals (8,804 from 100 countries), and U.S. faculty members abroad (3,366 in 109 countries).

"American Universities and Colleges," the standard descriptive directory of accredited senior colleges and universities in the U.S., was published last month by the American Council on Education (1785 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036). Now in its ninth edition, the directory contains descriptions of all accredited four-year institutions—1,173 in all. Detailed information is given about admissions, tuition and fees, financial aid, academic departments, faculty, and facilities. The 1,354-page volume is available from the ACE Publications Division at $15. It follows by a few months publication of the American Council's companion volume, *American Junior Colleges*, which gives similar information about 655 two-year institutions in the U.S. and may also be obtained from the ACE at $10.

Disadvantaged children, in recent months, have been receiving vastly increased attention in the public prints and, in some cases, in the public schools. But much remains to be done and one of the prerequisites to effective action is greater understanding of the problems and knowledge of ways to meet them. Two recent publications designed for both schoolmen and laymen should help.

School-Home Partnership in Depressed Urban Neighborhoods by Gene C. Fusco, a U.S. Office of Education specialist in school and community relations, reports on a study of twenty schools in five cities (Baltimore, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, and St. Louis). Its purpose is "to identify, describe, and analyze some practices designed to improve and strengthen school-home relations in depressed urban neighborhoods." Bringing together the experience developed by selected schools in marshaling the support of the home in behalf of school activities, Dr. Fusco's report should be equally helpful to schoolmen and interested laymen. Copies may be obtained from the U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 20402, at 40 cents each.

Learning Together, A Book on Integrated Education, is a 222-page paperback that brings together the major articles appearing in the first year's issues of *Integrated Education*, a bimonthly publication that reports news, analysis, and commentary on the progress of school integration. Edited by Meyer Weinberg, who also edits *Integrated Education*, the new volume includes a wide range of articles by leaders in the field. Copies of the volume are available at $1.75 from Integrated Education Associates, 343 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60604. The magazine is available from the same source at $4 per year.



International Schools Service has just published a revised list of overseas schools that offer a complete curriculum in English and have "a history of enrolling U.S. students." Designed to aid parents of school-age youngsters who are considering overseas assignments, the list includes 219 schools with a total enrollment of 76,021, of whom 32,437 are American children. Areas covered are Africa, Europe, Near East and South Asia, Far East, and Latin America. List includes name of school, location, founding date, tuition range, grade range, U.S. enrollment, and total enrollment. Copies are available from ISS (147 East 50th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022), which also notes that further information on most of the schools is available and will be sent upon request.

The National Achievement Scholarship Program for outstanding Negro students was announced last month. Administered by the National Merit Scholarship Corporation (1580 Sherman Avenue, Evanston, Illinois) and financed by a $7,000,000, five-year grant from the Ford Foundation, the new program will seek to equalize opportunities and incentives for Negroes in higher education. About 200 scholarships will be awarded each year to high school graduates. Each award will be for four years and will have a value of $250 to $1,500 each year, depending on the student's financial need.

Because of poor school preparation, economic barriers, and lack of motivation, Negroes traditionally have not been able to compete on even terms for other scholarship awards—Negroes won only thirteen of this year's 1,650 National Merit Scholarships. The new program, therefore, is designed to overcome the motivational and economic barriers to higher education for Negroes, according to Henry T. Heald, president of the foundation. The goal eventually, he said, "might be defined as the day when Negroes can win academic recognition in parity with other young people, and actually no longer need special scholarship programs."

—JAMES CASS.

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Chronicle of Human Growth

The Reasonable Adventurer, *By Roy Heath (University of Pittsburgh Press, $1), classifies types of personality found among undergraduate men and analyzes their development in the college community. The reviewer, now a Roman Catholic priest, was an assistant to Dr. Heath while an undergraduate in psychology at Knox College.*

By DAVID YOUNT

THE utopian experiment, once so much a part of American enterprise, has not been wholly abandoned. The faith that a good society can produce good men still finds expression in the American college and university. On the campus as nowhere else, idealized communities set themselves to the task of developing their members both in their individuality and in their social responsibility. Unfortunately, the university community is hampered in its function of fostering integral human growth. The ideal character it presents to the student, while loftily conceived, is but vaguely delineated. What is worse, precise paths of growth towards the ideal are not fitted to the individual student with any confidence, for the academic community knows so little about him.

Psychologist Roy Heath faced the frontier problem of personal development in the college community when a Carnegie grant enabled him in 1950 to take a cross-section of the Princeton freshman class and follow these men through their integral development in the university setting. *The Reasonable Adventurer* is a critical chronicle of the development of these thirty-six men through Princeton and ten years beyond. Heath began his study equipped, as any clinical psychologist, with the rich lore of abnormal typology, but with the sparse and relatively naïve tools of normal psychology. Abnormal dynamics were useful in the understanding of normal development, but abnormal typologies proved next to useless. It is easy to recognize severely unhealthy conditions and their variety, but to distinguish normal personalities and to define a common ideal that each must reach by parallel but distinct paths is something quite different.

The typologies and the ideal character that Heath drew from his study have a directness and simplicity that make them graspable tools, not only for the counselor of students, but for anyone seeking to analyze or direct the growth of the normal individual. David Riesman indicates this in his preface:

> Students of American culture may find these types suggestive, as I have. One might one day be able to classify social strata, whole countries or colleges in terms of the hegemony of these types or relationships between them.

Heath's typologies began to take form from the very beginning of the interviews. His group of thirty-six reflected four rather distinct approaches to the interviewing process itself. One group consisted of "one or two-worders," cooperative enough, but in need of constant prodding and direction in the interview. A second group Heath calls the "prepared-statement men." They said their piece and defended it. There was little real dialogue. A third group was dubbed the "roller-boys." Their conversation bounded from one subject to another, leaving loose ends and making few connections. Finally, a small group engaged in real dialogue, evincing curiosity, initiative, and reflection.

The more Heath considered these simple conversational characteristics, the more he found them to be clues to distinct temperamental differences. In time Heath devised a scale for temperament that both distinguished and related all his men on a continuous dimension of ego-functioning, based on the individual's impulse control. The "one-worder," for example, was found to be generally conservative and noncommittal. He had a relatively low-burning inner life that was damped before it affected his behavior. Impulses hardly ever bubbled up to the surface. The "prepared-statement" man tussled to control strong impulses. With him it was a seesaw battle, manifested in a rigid striving for success. He was as much driven as driving. The "roller-boy's" impulses were always ahead of his control. He was forever erupting, acting first and thinking later.

With this continuous dimension of impulse control on which to place his group members, Heath was still left with the few members who were reflective, who retained initiative, whose outer selves truly mirrored their inner selves. These men had obviously moved in another dimension. Temperament was not a drag on their personalities. They had temperamental differences that indicated that they came from the three groups already noted, yet they could not be circumscribed by categories. They were distinctly themselves.

Heath came to call these men his Reasonable Adventurers. They suggested to him that there was a vertical dimension of growth towards an ideal. The Reasonable Adventurers were curious and critical, capable of close friendships and independent value judgments, tolerant of ambiguity because of their stable self-image. Moreover, they evinced a breath of interest even in the commonplace, and they had a sense of humor. Taking temperament as a horizontal scale, Heath now constructed a vertical scale of growth measured according to degree of satisfaction in life and work, self-understanding and acceptance, and depth of interpersonal relations. Heath noted that through the course of his study his students did not move horizontally. That is, they wore their basic temperament like their skin. But all were capable of upward movement, in the process of which they shrugged off the debilitating effects of temperament and came to grips at once with the inner self and the outer world, being true to each.

Able at last to plot his subjects on a graph according to temperament and satisfaction, Heath filled out his casebook of strengths and weaknesses proper to each type and sought to discover the pitfalls each might run and the best way to help each type to grow. The temperamental dimension was a continuum, so it was not surprising that Heath found intermediate types. The more students were studied in depth, and the more colleagues learned his system and applied it to student populations elsewhere, the richer and more reliable the system became.

Heath arbitrarily assigned letters to his types. The non-committer or X avoids tangling involvements. He is a belonger, a security-seeker, a truly neutral man. Oddly enough, the X maintains the myth in his own mind that he could really be great if he chose to try hard enough. In fact, he never tries, for fear that his mask will slip. Nondirective techniques work well with the X. He requires a challenge for him to think, then act. In the academic situation, literature often supplies the motive force for the X to express his inner self and take the reasonable risks that will make him grow.

The "prepared-statement" man or Hustler is dubbed a Y by Heath. He

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seeks purposeful activity, is aggressive and competitive. Actually he is at war with himself and must keep having successes or pretending successes in order to live with himself. On the whole he is insensitive to others, which complicates things, since he needs affection from others in order better to accept himself. While tough-minded, the Y rarely gambles except when there are good odds of success. A tough censor of his strong emotions, the Y overintellectualizes and overidealizes. Often highly competent because of his drive, he is nevertheless unoriginal and lacks reflection because his inner and outer selves are not only strangers but virtual enemies. The Y cannot come to grips with himself as long as he is fairly successful at reaching goals projected by his pseudo-self. Non-directive counselling is wasted on him, because he has a "party-line" of his own that he believes in and will defend to the death. The Y can sometimes be "melted" into self-acceptance by sustained love and affection. More often, he can only be faced with his real self after a calamity, when he is stripped of his mask.

The "roller-boy" or Z is impulsive and disorganized, a victim of his moods. He lives on internal criteria, never sufficiently taking cues from the world he lives in. Spontaneous and often highly likable, the Z is often battered by a world unprepared for him, so he retreats further into his inner life and lives on an emotional island, longing all the while to build bridges to the world. The Z needs someone who has come to understand him and can tolerate his swings of mood. In direction, he must be urged away from rash action until a more favorable mood hits him. If he is given a niche of sustained interest in which he can perform well, the Z can find some of the form and order he needs in his life. Possessed of a broad philosophical basis, he can compensate for the poorly integrated threads of his life.

Heath has found that all types can move towards the ideal of the Reasonable Adventurer. The interviewing process itself, while only investigative, provided a reflective and interpersonal dimension to the members of the group. Xs had more spark, Ys more warmth, Zs more control. Some became Reasonable Adventurers, true individualists who were yet true members of the community that nurtured them.

The numbers of Xs seem to be equal to the total of Ys and Zs combined. This can be presumed to be true in the American population as a whole, at least that part of it that goes to college. Heath's typing of persons is much more easily applied to students than those beyond college. College students are much less guarded than adults; they have not as yet molded the facades they will later wear in the world. The college environment is so isolated and purposeful that direction there is more easily managed.

ONE wishes that the book made more specific inferences as to the application of the typologies and growth-directives in the world beyond college. With apologies to Princeton, this reviewer has to admit to a certain Frank Merriwell glow to the Reasonable Adventurer, as Heath depicts him. It would be helpful to see him described in terms of a man of more mature years, already in the world and with a family. Heath began his study in a college setting. He is now director of the Counseling Center at the University of Pittsburgh. It will be forgivable if one outside that setting wishes that the Heath typologies were demonstrated elsewhere, in selections of mate, occupation, religion, men to be advanced, and so on. Heath hints at these, only whetting the reader's imagination. Hopefully the continued study will justify further volumes. For all its narrow setting, *The Reasonable Adventurer* is, as Riesman has noted, suggestive of broad and helpful application.

One further word for those who may read the book. Those who know Dr. Heath will recognize it as the work of a well-integrated Z. The reviewer's remarks should be weighed as coming from a thoughtfully-aggressive X-Y, so dubbed by the author long ago.

Advice for Adult Students

Continuing Your Education, *by Cyril O. Houle (McGraw-Hill, 183 pp., $4.95), is a guide for post-college-age adults who want to continue their formal education. The reviewer is a frequent contributor to SR.*

By ETHEL STRAINCHAMPS

THERE are about 28,500,000 post-college-age adults in the United States who are now engaged in the pursuit of formal education. This book makes it clear that many of those millions are enduring easily remediable handicaps. Since the youthful school days of those who are now middle-aged, techniques of study have been formalized and laboratory-tested for effectiveness, and much has been discovered about the psychology of adult learners. Adult students could and should be profiting from the results.

Other investigations have disproved a theory that has probably deterred several more millions of adults from resuming their education in the first place —namely, that the ability to master academic material deteriorates with age. In one recent study, for example, it was discovered that women over forty who are taking courses at two universities made higher grades than college-age girls in the same classes, and that the older women maintained their superiority regardless of the subject, the instructor, or the method of teaching.

Dr. Houle, a veteran in the field of adult education, has aimed his how-to-do-it book at two groups of adult knowledge-seekers—those who are faltering and those who are holding back. He offers advice to the study-group member and the student (or potential student) in school-connected adult education classes. He recommends this last.

The second half of the book, which consists of detailed discussions of specific techniques for studying, memorizing, writing papers, reviewing for exams, and taking exams, will be helpful to any student. The "SQ3R" system of mastering the content of "organized nonfiction"—such as textbooks—is recommended. This is the survey-question-read-recite-review program worked out at the University of Ohio under the direction of Professor Francis P. Robinson. Dr. Houle gives a working description of the method and directs the interested reader to Professor Robinson's own book on the subject for fuller details. Dr. Houle's suggestions on how to organize material and get it on paper for writing assignments will strike the experienced writer as sound and practical.

THE rather elementary tone of his own writing style is pointed up (literally) by his frequent use of exclamation marks. These are now so rarely seen in print that they have come to have the effect of small intermittent bursts of self-applause. Equally distracting is his compulsion to pause and identify the authors of the numerous aphorisms he quotes: "Descartes, the famous French philosopher"; "John Stuart Mill, the great English economist." This sort of thing would lead one to suspect that Dr. Houle is writing down to his audience—except for the internal evidence

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that he knows that audience better than we do.

His own original research for the book included an opinion poll of 470 "successful" students in an adult education program, presumably at the University of Chicago, where he is on the faculty. In several passages in the book, adult students speak for themselves on their motivations and on their peculiar problems and how they solved them.

Tomorrow's Writers?

The Stone Soldier: Prize College Stories, *edited by Whit and Hallie Burnett (Fleet Publishing Company, 230 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, 239 pp., $4.50), contains the winning stories from the 1964 "Story Magazine" Contest. The reviewer is on the SR education staff.*

By BONNIE BARRETT STRETCH

CERTAINLY many a fine writer is buried from tired editors' eyes under the heaps of words and paper circulating today. So any plan to turn them to the light must be commended. To do just that, two years ago *Story Magazine* revived a college short story contest to find and publish unknown young writers who may "be the names of tomorrow."

The contest draws from colleges and universities across the nation, the stories coming largely out of creative writing classes. Not surprisingly, the seventeen stories that compose this third year's volume reflect the present concerns of college students, and a number of them deal with the race problem or with the South, or with both.

The judges were not unanimous in their decision: three of the five voted first prize to "The Stone Soldier," while one vote each went to "Goodbye, Miss Mowbray, Goodbye" and "Forgive Us Our Trespasses" as the contest's second prize winners.

Of these three, my vote would have gone to "Forgive Us Our Trespasses," by Stewart Allen (University of Missouri). Its style is clean and direct, generally free of irrelevancies that would inhibit the story. Mainly because of this virtue, the two characters—a Negro and a white man—come to life. "The Stone Soldier," by William Cobb (Vanderbilt University), on the other hand, strikes me as imitation Faulkner in its evocations of wet Southern heat and the languid, lumpy pace of post-bellum Southern folk. The descriptions are too often details inserted for their own sake, furthering neither plot, atmosphere, nor characterization.

This criticism holds, in varying degrees, for other stories in this volume. Nearly all of the authors show merit in their exploration of life and society around them, and none suffers from the maudlin self-examination so many young writers are prone to. But many suffer from another defect that plagues young writers—the overuse of description to compensate for depth of insight.

ONE story, however, seemed particularly free from this—"Visions of Ulysses S. Grant" (the man on the fifty-dollar bill). John D. Spiegelman (State University of New York at Buffalo) has command of his technique and turns his attention to the lives of his people. Stella, the thirty-five-year-old stripper, and Maury Firkin, the little red-headed Jew who loves her, are truly memorable.

As the editors proclaim in the preface, considerable talent is evident in these stories—talent, but only rarely passion or vision. Since many of these writers are graduate students and some already teachers, one doubts they are likely to be the Norman Mailers or Elizabeth Janeways of tomorrow. It might be worthwhile here to question the wisdom of drawing the contest material from college creative writing courses. What such courses produce for the most part is not creative writers, but rather teachers of creative writing. If one wants to find the writers of the next decade, why not look outside the university for less cautious minds that have chosen to discover for themselves rather than to be instructed?

New Books

The Montessori Method. *By Maria Montessori. Introduction by Martin Mayer. Robert Bentley, Inc.* (18 *Pleasant St., Cambridge, Mass.*). 377 *pp.* $6.50. A translation of the original work in which the author set forth her revolutionary concepts for the education of children from ages three to six.

Two Modes of Thought: My Encounters with Science and Education. *By James Bryant Conant. Trident Press* 630 *Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.*). 96 *pp.* $3.95. A personal discussion of two processes of reasoning, how they operate, their advantages and disadvantages.

Letters to College Presidents. *By Thomas E. Jones, Edward V. Stanford, Goodrich C. White. Prentice-Hall.* 192 *pp.* $5.95. Deals "informally" with some administrative problems that three consultants met on their visits to almost 300 colleges and universities.

A Time for Teaching. *By Willard Abraham. Harper and Row.* 462 *pp.* $6.50. The broad number of topics covered in this volume include teacher education, public relations in education, federal aid, and education for the gifted.

Education Media Index. *McGraw-Hill.* A fourteen-volume directory of non-book instructional materials, including films, slides, maps, records.

Multiple Campuses. *By Peter Sammartino. Fairleigh Dickenson University Press (Rutherford, N.J.).* 129 *pp.* $5. Discusses the growth of colleges with more than one campus, the implications of this tendency, and administrative problems it presents.

Traditions of African Education. *Edited by David G. Scanlon. Teachers College, Columbia University.* 184 *pp. Paperback,* $1.95. This collection of essays is number 16 in the series Classics in Education.

The History of Education: An Analytic Survey from the Age of Homer to the Present. *By John E. Wise. Sheed and Ward* (64 *University Place, New York* 3, *N.Y.*). 494 *pp.* $5.

The Scholars and the Public Schools. *By Harry S. Broudy. Ohio State University (Publications Office,* 242 *West* 18*th Ave., Columbus, Ohio*). 71 *pp. Paperback,* $1. Two lectures.

Keeping Abreast of the Revolution in Education. *Edited by Arthur E. Traxler. American Council on Education* (1785 *Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington* 6, *D.C.*). 195 *pp.* $2.50. Report of the twenty-eighth educational conference sponsored by the Educational Records Bureau.

Why Go To College. *Corning Glass Works Foundation* (717 *Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.* 10022). 92 *pp. No charge.* A collection of addresses given in the industrial community of Corning, which helped change its attitude toward college going.

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Foreign Students

Continued from page 63

lasting nature of the impact made upon the foreign students. This is not to suggest that the whole institution, or the people in it, minister to the foreign students "hand and foot." This must not be; but I am pointing out that the foreign students do need attention beyond what they receive in the classrooms.

Some of the specific services which most foreign students need in America are as follows:

1. Help the newly arrived students minimize the waste of time in getting settled and adjusted to the new environment.
   a. The student should be met at the point of arrival by someone either from the institution or one who is familiar with the community.
   b. The student should be assisted in locating suitable housing.
   c. The student should be given orientation on the available facilities on the campus: the library and how to use it, the student union, bookstores, administrative offices, and other facilities.
   d. Special efforts should be made to give him an acceptable and satisfactory place in student and community life. The student should not be isolated (unless he so desires). He should be encouraged to take an active part in campus life.

2. The student's needs must be analyzed in a realistic sense, and those services provided that are deemed necessary to help him to work and pursue his academic program in the same environment with American students. Some of the services that come under this category include:
   a. English language training.
   b. Special tutoring or coaching on how to study, including how to take notes, how to do research, and how to organize a research paper.
   c. Constant and regular review of the student's progress in view of the fact that some foreign students, because of their cultural background, tend to be reserved and shy in approaching professors.

It must be borne in mind, however, that some misfits will be unhappy and hostile no matter how much an institution may attempt to do for them. The institution should not become unduly concerned about this, because nothing can be done about it. The more the institution attempts to do, the more such students will expect. Therefore, institutions should provide only those services that are essential in equalizing the factors that are vital in competing with American students in the American college environment—and no more.

The great majority of foreign students who come to America are "reasonable" people. As a consequence, when an institution sincerely attempts to provide all the services outlined above, a tendency develops on the part of the foreign students to straighten out the misfits among themselves, thus relieving the institution of an unpleasant task. To create this sort of atmosphere should be the goal of all institutions accepting foreign students.

To sum up, then, institutions should not bring foreign students to their campuses unless they are prepared to assume the responsibilities involved. If they are not prepared to do so, it is better to leave students at home in their own countries, for, although disappointed, they will at least remain friendly to this country.

Africa

Continued from page 57

can candidates. In spite of the acute shortage of trained personnel, however, quite a number of training institutions in Africa are now operating below capacity, and the training unit is inviting member countries to send their candidates to fill present vacancies. Czechoslovakia, Holland, Hungary, France, Poland, the United Kingdom, and other countries have recently indicated their willingness to channel some of their scholarships for training African technicians through the Commission.

The effort to train specialists needed for economic and social development in Africa took a big jump forward two months ago, when a new $85,000,000 program of aid to forty-two developing countries was approved by the Governing Council of the United Nations Special Fund. The Special Fund will contribute nearly $40,000,000 of this total, with the remaining $45,000,000 to be contributed by the countries benefiting from the program. These new allocations bring to well over 400 the number of projects approved for assistance by the Special Fund during the past five years, with an increasing emphasis falling on education and training. Of the forty-nine new projects, twenty-six are in Africa.

The goals of the Development Decade are ambitious, but in view of the present plight of the developing nations, who is to say that they have been set too high?

Much Too Sane

By Jeannette Nichols

TOMORROW I must begin to
go mad.
(Being much too sane
no one listens anymore).

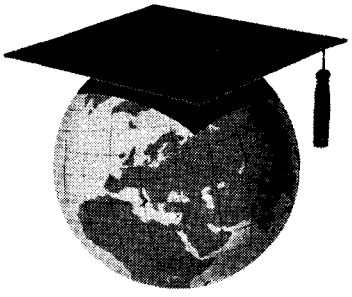
I've been standing up to all my debts
too long.
(Sanity is only an appointment kept
or not, someone met or not).

If you hear me
trying out screams
remember how always on time

I spoke softly, laughed
just loud and long
enough

and when I walk by
with dreams in my arms
heaped high as wash

don't speak, I'll be going mad.
(Come back later,
I may be back for lunch).



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French Education

Continued from page 61

on the traditional basis. The basic faculties are letters, science, law, and medicine. More modern disciplines have been squeezed into the old categories. A law faculty might acquire the title of "law and economic sciences." Despite the need for scientists, the enrollment in science faculties rose by only 10 per cent last year, while that of the faculty of letters climbed 25 per cent. The increase in the latter is encouraging in one respect—it may help satisfy the great demand for teachers at all levels.

Research is severely limited. Alain Touraine, director of studies of the Laboratory of Industrial Sociology, says that the problem is not only the development of mass education, but creation of modern "universities," dedicated to research and the education of researchers, instead of "university colleges." He decries the lack of graduate study and opportunity for scientists to learn their work in France. He asks, "How much longer can France, growing and modernizing, live without developing its universities?"

Frenchmen have often condemned the "mass" aspects of American education. But one professor, commenting on current trends, takes a revised look: "In America you have educated students 'to take a place in society' and thus you have often created conformity. We attempt to do no such thing here, but the contemporary student is likely to be more of a conformist because he has had to depend more and more on 'the group' to get anything done."

THE students seem to adhere increasingly to a group—even those groups of students who stand in the cold and attempt to sell *L'Humanité*, the Communist newspaper, or to hand out the great bulk of literature circulated by various student organizations.

And after class, more often than not, the students are in a crowded café drinking coffee, or perhaps beer, and probably listening to a noisy American-made jukebox. The whole scene looks little different from some campus area cafés in the U.S.

It might not fit in with the American idea of French student life; but then, the image of the isolated student with the Sartre book needs to be discarded anyhow. The French system of education remains generally sophisticated, with a great deal of freedom; but the picture of the contemporary student might be one of a youth pushing and shoving through a line of his fellow students, and instead of reading Sartre he might well be listening to Ray Charles on the jukebox.

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(Continued on page 70)

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(Continued from page 69)

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(Continued on page 72)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

(Continued from page 71)

SPAIN, MALLORCA. *Charming renovated mill* fully equipped for seven with magnificent views. Car and servants available. Box J-197.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Indifferent; without spirit.	172 65 11 23 92 156 88 142
B. Amer. industrialist, born in Denmark; pres. of General Motors, 1937; later, Dir. of Production for War Dept. (1879-1948).	120 30 183 165 146 20 50
C. Important river valley in Germany — mines, industrial cities, etc.	111 127 124 116
D. Having the same name, place, territorial designation, or other (3 wds.).	162 6 138 38 93 67 55 149 72
E. Certain persons' exemption, in ancient Biblical law as to whose raiment might be taken "to pledge" (*Deut. xxiv, 17*; 2 wds.).	175 103 151 95 185 28 8 117 78
F. Typical genus of a great and valuable animal, esp. the Asiatic variety.	114 47 141 56 19 3 36
G. Most full of flavor; most mentally unbalanced (slang).	144 133 121 184 87 12 81 105
H. A form of transportation, the maddest craze of the Nineties.	128 168 137 94 147 86 31 45 160
I. Beings with true reality.	125 159 182 163 89 130 16 53
J. Vehicle for Mrs. Malaprop (1775; following *The*).	52 166 84 46 27 188
K. Wearing certain garments usually of a full, flowing type.	98 83 49 164 39 176
L. Bestows (a gift).	79 187 145 48 24 43
M. A *brown earth used as pigment*, best of which comes from Cyprus (2 wds.).	42 174 69 33 13 155 51 140
N. Utensils for Oriental eating; often performed on the piano *ad nauseam*.	73 54 186 40 68 18 115 7 15 101
O. Portable firearm of 15th cent.	171 96 32 9 41 132 148 179
P. Followed by WORD Q, the hard palate (2 wds.).	71 118 122 109 74 58
Q. See WORD P (2 wds.).	180 113 110 75 70 170 4 60
R. Where most of us take flight, if at all.	143 177 22 150 107 119 112
S. Suitable to a stepmother.	178 25 167 104 153 131 62 157
T. Small outlet for draining another conveyor of condensate (2 wds.).	169 10 35 126 91 181 102 34
U. Place for the cure and treatment of animals or man.	2 77 106 135 97 64 14 129
V. Specifying the feeling of one who is ostracized (3 wds.).	57 152 134 158 108 136 123
W. Ancient bridle path in London (2 wds.).	80 44 59 37 154 82 63 5 1
X. Great cloud form of relatively low altitude.	66 161 26 21 100 139 90
Y. Early capital of Roman province of Asia.	61 76 99 85 173 29 17

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

								1 W	2 U	3 F	4 Q		5 W	6 D		7 N
8 E	9 O	10 T	11 A	12 G		13 M	14 U	15 N	16 I	17 Y		18 N	19 F	20 B		21 X
22 R	23 A		24 L	25 S	26 X	27 J	28 E		29 Y	30 B	31 H	32 O	33 M	34 T		35 T
36 F		37 W	38 D	39 K		40 N	41 O	42 M	43 L	44 W	45 H	46 J	47 F		48 L	49 K
50 B	51 M	52 J	53 I	54 N	55 D	56 F		57 V	58 P		59 W	60 Q	61 Y		62 S	63 W
64 U	65 A	66 X	67 D	68 N		69 M	70 Q	71 P	72 D		73 N	74 P	75 Q	76 Y	77 U	78 E
79 L	80 W	81 G		82 W	83 K	84 J	85 Y	86 H	87 G	88 A	89 I	90 X		91 T	92 A	93 D
94 H	95 E	96 O	97 U	98 K	99 Y	100 X	101 N		102 T	103 E	104 S	105 G	106 U		107 R	108 V
109 P	110 Q	111 C		112 R	113 Q	114 F	115 N	116 C		117 E	118 P	119 R	120 B		121 G	122 P
	123 V	124 C	125 I		126 T	127 C	128 H	129 U	130 I	131 S		132 O	133 G	134 V		135 U
136 V	137 H	138 D	139 X	140 M	141 F	142 A		143 R	144 G	145 L		146 B	147 H	148 O	149 D	150 R
151 E	152 V	153 S	154 W		155 M	156 A	157 S	158 V	159 I	160 H		161 X	162 D		163 I	164 K
165 B	166 J	167 S	168 H	169 T	170 Q	171 O	172 A	173 Y		174 M	175 E	176 K		177 R	178 S	179 O
180 Q	181 T	182 I	183 B	184 G	185 E	186 N	187 L	188 J								

Solution to last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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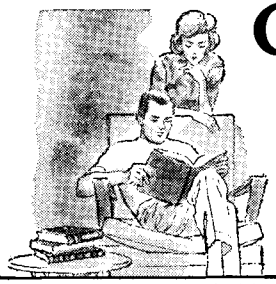

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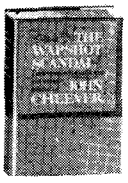

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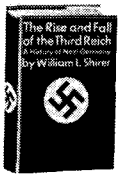

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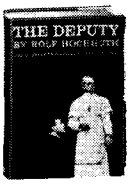

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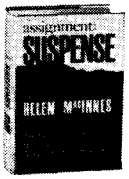

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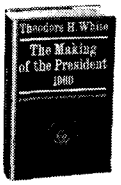

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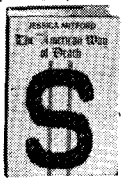

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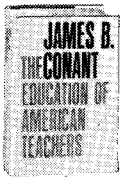

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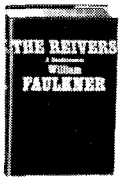

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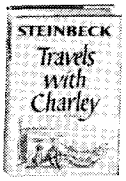

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